THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, October 3, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 14

TO-DAY NOT TO-MORROW.

BY M. A.

To-morrow—have you seen it?
Have you felt its noontide balm?
Can you tell me of its sunshine,
Of its storms or of its calm?

To-morrow! have you listened
To its praises from a friend,
Who has traced its hours and minutes
From the daylight to the end?

To-morrow! that to-morrow
That forever stays away,
That forever leaves us stranded
On the bleak shores of to-day.

To-day, and not to-morrow,
Is the time so wisely given
To do the work that's needed,
And fit our souls for heaven.

We'll seize the shining moments
That glide so swiftly by,
And garnish them with jewels
Of beauty, ere they fly,

We'll drink, if God so wills it,
Our earthly drop of sorrow,
And pray for grace and mercy
To-day, and not to-morrow.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER I.

THE under-mistress at Minerva House was droning out a dictation lesson from Macaulay. It was late in August, the schoolroom hot and stuffy, and the teacher's voice exasperating in its dreary monotone.

Most of us love Macaulay, and many of us think no writer more musical; the score or so of girls who bent over their desks and scribbled him down hated him as only schoolgirls can hate.

It was just before the autumn holidays; they were sick of school, and longing, with infinite longing, for the breaking up, and they yawned and stretched themselves surreptitiously, and muttered and mumbled under their breath as the good woman, who, for her sins, was set over those young people, ground out the neatly-turned sentences, knocking all the music and rhythm out of them, and rendering them instruments of torture.

There was the usual variety in the girls—some were fat, some were thin; truth compels one to the sad admission that most were plain.

One girl alone would have attracted attention. She was seated in the middle of a long form, and seemed more weary than the others; but the piquancy of an oval face, grayish-blue eyes, a daintily curved nose and mouth, and hair almost black in color, but as soft as silk, raised her above the commonplace appearance of her schoolfellows.

Her pretty face and graceful figure were full of promise—she would be a beautiful woman presently; and, even now, in her plain and very much worn dress, she had that charm which some girls possess—and some do not.

"That the King could not impose taxes without the consent of Parliament is admitted to have been, from time immemorial, a fundamental law of England," drawled the mistress.

"Jess, how do you spell 'admitted;' one 't' or two?" whispered the girl next to the owner of the gray-blue eyes and dark hair.

Jess Newton shrugged her shoulders.

"Haven't the least idea. How do you spell 'immemorial'? I've got about six 'm's' in it."

"Don't know," replied the other.

"What stuff it all is!" murmured Jess, with a stifled yawn. "Who cares whether the king can impose taxes or not? I'm sure I don't. Taxes must be just as beastly whoever puts them on."

"You mustn't say 'beastly,' Jess," whispered Polly Baker warningly. "Remember you got two hundred lines for it the other day!"

"I don't care," retorted Jess, in the same undertone, and behind the screen of her long, shapely hand, which supported her head, and occasionally ruffled the beautiful hair when she was puzzled by a particularly long word.

"Beastly's a good word, and it describes this dreary rubbish exactly. Oh, how I wish England never had had any history, or that Macaulay had never been born! What does a man want to make a nuisance of himself for generation after generation? There she goes again, and I haven't got half the last sentence down yet! How I should like to jump up and scream, or roll the ink pot right along the desk, or do anything—anything—that would make her stop that awful grind, grind, grind! I feel as if——"

"Miss Newton, did I hear you speak?" demanded the mistress, breaking off in the middle of a sentence, and eyeing Jess sternly.

"Very likely; your ears are big enough!" murmured Jess, carefully under her breath; then, aloud—

"Yes, Miss Grimes; I daresay you did; I was speaking——"

"You will please write two hundred and fifty lines from this chapter, in the play time, Miss Newton," was the stern and dignified rejoinder. "Talking during class is strictly prohibited, as you are aware."

Jess shrugged her shapely shoulders again, and pursed her lips.

"I told you so!" whispered Polly, incautiously.

"Miss Baker, you, too, spoke, I believe," rapped out the teacher. "You will do the same task."

Polly flushed over her fair, fat face, and looked inclined to cry.

"I wish you didn't sit next to me; you always get me into a scrape," she muttered; then, suddenly, in a contrite tone, "No, I don't, Jess! I'd rather sit by you and get the impositions than—than chum with any other girl!"

"That's because you are an idiot," remarked Jess. "Never mind, Polly. I'll help you. I'll do all the middle lines for you; she won't notice it; For goodness' sake don't cry! I'd rather—rather write out all Macaulay than shed a tear!"

"I know you would; but you're different to me, Jess. I wish, I wish I were like you!"

"Well, you are an idiot!" said Jess. "Like me!" She laughed under her breath; then, with a sigh, added, "Oh, be quiet, and let us finish this; we haven't half of it down, I'm sure; and we shall get another impo, if we don't mind!"

The dictation lesson dragged itself out, the rickety clock chimed half past four, the head mistress, Miss Shaddock, came in—from a comfortable nap in her own parlor—to dismiss the school.

This she did as if she had been doing all the hard work, instead of lying on the sofa, and with an air of exhaustion and long suffering which, perhaps, her pupils hated worse than any other manner of hers.

The girls tossed their books inside their desks, stretched their arms, and made a rush for the open door, through which the afternoon sunlight was pouring enticingly.

Miss Shaddock, of course, checked them.

"Gently, young ladies!" she exclaimed. "Be good enough to remember that this is not a Board school, but an establishment for training the daughters of gentlemen. Come back to your places and leave the schoolroom slowly, and with something of grace and dignity, not like a—a band of street Arabs!"

The girls came back slowly and sullenly, and then marched out by twos and threes; but there wasn't very much grace and dignity about it. Jess and Polly Baker, of course, remained.

Miss Shaddock eyed Polly severely, and Jess sourly; for, though Jess was the favorite of all the girls, she did not stand very high in Miss Shaddock's estimation; for reasons which will presently be made apparent.

"Imposition again, Miss Newton, I observe," she said, acidly. "It is a strange thing that you cannot conform to the rules of the establishment, or frame your conduct on acceptable lines. You have been insubordinate again, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Jess, without looking up, or discontinuing her writing.

Miss Shaddock flushed angrily; Jess could make her angry with a word or a look.

"Is that intended for impertinence, Miss Newton?"

"No," said Jess, calmly. "Only for the truth, Miss Shaddock."

Miss Shaddock looked at her with compressed lips, then turned her attention to Polly Baker, who sat trembling at Jess' temerity.

"And you, too, Miss Baker, have an imposition, I see?"

"Yes; I spoke to Jess—I mean Miss Newton," said poor Polly.

"Be good enough to call Miss Newton by her surname," said Miss Shaddock.

"No; I spoke to her," said Jess.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," said Miss Shaddock, uttering the worn out platitude as if she had just invented it.

"I am not surprised that you have transgressed the rules, seeing that you are sitting next Miss Newton. Miss Newton, you will take your task to a desk on the other side of the room. Miss Baker, you will remain where you are."

Jess got up with exasperating slowness, and carried, first the Macaulay, then her copy-book, then her blotting pad, and, having seated herself, got up and came back for her pen which she pretended she had forgotten.

Even then, her little game was not finished, for, with an exclamation, "Oh, the ink!" she went back for the inkstand.

She went through this elaborate and artistically played performance because she knew that Miss Shaddock was dying to get back to her couch, and the parlor, where her tea was awaiting her; and, no sooner had that estimable lady removed the light of her countenance from the schoolroom than Jess lugged all her things back again to her former place.

"Oh, Jess!" exclaimed Polly, aghast, "she may come back—or Miss Grimes!"

"I don't care," said Jess. "I'm going to sit by you, and I'm going to write the greater part of your impo. Let's be quick about it; I am longing for the feel of the sun and the air. I shall coil myself up in the very hottest corner of the play ground, and bask like a savage!"

She wrote for a few minutes rapidly, then she looked round, with half-closed eyes, and the soft, red lips drawn tightly.

"Oh, how I hate this room, and the whole place!" she said. "If ever I leave it I shall dream of it every night. I shall never forget it. It will always be somewhere at the back of my eyes. Don't you know what I mean?"

Polly Baker nodded, and sucked her pen.

"And, though it's all so hideously grim and dreary, it's a complete sham. We never learn anything—there's nobody to teach us. Miss Shaddock knows nothing, and Miss Grimes knows less; and, if it weren't for the fun of teasing them, I think I should go mad!"

"I think you are a little mad sometimes, Jess," said Polly. Then she yawned and sighed. "Oh, how hungry I am!"

Jess laughed.

"You always are!" she said. "Fat people are always starving. Wait here a minute," she added, unnecessarily, and ran towards the door.

"Jess, Jess!" implored Polly, imploringly. But Jess had gone like a flash. She was back presently, with a bun and raspberry tart.

"There you are!" she said, dropping them on Polly's exercise book.

"Oh, Jess! What a dear girl you are! But, how could you! How did you get them?"

"I got them from the red-headed Parker girl—promised to do her French exercise for her. No, I won't have any. I couldn't eat anything; it would choke me. Here, push over that impo."

Polly pushed it over, with a sigh.

"Thank goodness it won't last much longer!" she said. "Oh, how I long for the breaking-up day." Then as if smitten by a sudden compunction, she said, in a lower voice and timidly, "Are you going home for these holidays, Jess?"

Jess bent lower over her task, and her face flushed.

"I don't know," she said.

Polly Baker looked at her pityingly.

"How long is it since you have been home, Jess?" she asked, softly. "Three terms, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jess. She got up, and sat on the desk, with her feet on the form, her elbows on her knees, and her chin in her hands.

She looked at that moment, with the sunlight touching her soft black hair, and casting the shadow of her long lashes upon the ivory-tinted face, like a picture by Millais—in his early days. Polly gazed at her admiringly.

"How pretty you are, Jess! I am so sorry for you!"

"Don't be," said Jess, almost fiercely. "And yet I pity myself. Think of it! Three terms! And I don't know whether I shall go away these holidays."

"Doesn't your father write?"

Jess shook her head.

"No. Sometimes I think that he has quite forgotten that he has got a daughter. But don't blame him, Polly. He has been very unfortunate. He is very poor. I suppose in his struggle with the world, he hasn't time to think of me!"

Polly munched her raspberry tart, and gazed at the graceful figure and beautiful, sombre face, sympathetically.

"I suppose he doesn't have me home because he cannot afford it. I don't suppose he has paid for me all these three terms, and I wonder—bitterly—"that Miss Shaddock doesn't turn me adrift. I ought to be grateful to her for keeping me here, but I know that she does so because I'm good at French and music, and I come out well at the examinations. I'm a kind of advertisement for her.

"Sometimes I wish she would send me away; then my father would have to remember that he had a daughter, and I should go and live with him. I'd rather live on a crust and a glass of water, and struggle, out in the world there, than stay here, living on Miss Shaddock's charity."

"Perhaps he'll pay presently," suggested Polly.

"I don't know," said Jess. "I don't know anything of his affairs, or what he does. I believe he's something on the Stock Exchange. I've never seen much of him. My mother died when I was quite a little thing; I can just remember her.

"Then I was sent to a school—before this one—and only went home for the holidays. We lived in a place called Camden Town—quite a poor part of London."

Polly Baker looked at her, wonderingly. Polly was the daughter of a flourishing M. P., went home in the holidays to a big house, had plenty of pocket-money and hosts of friends.

"Poor Jess!" she murmured. "Jess," eagerly, "will you come home with me. I'm sure my mother would be glad to have you, and we will have the nicest time! Do!"

Jess shook her head.

"No, Polly," she said. "I shouldn't like to. Besides,"—her face flushed, and her lips quivered—"I haven't anything to go in. This, and my black merino dress I wear on Sundays, are the only decent dresses I've got—if you can call them decent. Don't think of it. No; I shall go down to the seaside with Miss Shaddock, as usual, and long for the holidays to be over, that I may get back to you and some of the others I like."

"But——" pleaded Polly.

Jess slid off the desk, and took up her pen again.

"Don't say another word," she said, almost fiercely. "And don't tell the girls what I've told you; though I can trust you. But, perhaps, they know already. Miss Shaddock isn't above telling them. Give me the blotting paper, and don't say another word, or I shall hate myself for having told you!"

Polly obeyed. She always did what Jess told her. Jess scribbled rapidly, then pushed the exercise back to Polly.

"There; you've only to write ten lines!"

She finished her own task; then, with a long breath, and a stretching of the supple arms, rose and left the school-room, and went out into the hot and dusty playground, in which the girls were tearing around, giggling and screaming, after the manner of their kind.

They clustered round her—for she was a favorite—beseeching her to join in a game; but she shook her head, and, making her way to the warmest corner, coiled herself up, and, leaning her head against the wall, closed her eyes.

But she was not sleeping. She was thinking. Thinking of the father who had forgotten her, and left her to the tender mercies of Miss Shaddock's charity.

The world seemed very hard to Jess that afternoon, and, in the dark clouds that surrounded her young life, she saw no rift. And yet the rift was there, and the sun was beginning to shine through it.

A tiny mite of a child, the youngest of the school, came up to her presently. She had a book in her hand, and looked troubled.

"Are you asleep, Jess?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes," said Jess, opening her eyes, "fast. What is it?"

"I can't do my lesson," said the child, with the corners of her mouth well down. "Won't you help me, Jess? You can do everything; and father says, if I get the prize this term, he'll give me one of those big dolls' houses."

Jess winced; but she took the book, and the child coiled up beside her.

"How clever you are, Jess!" she said, admiringly, as Jess explained away the difficulty. "I wish I knew as much as you, and was like you," she added. "Will you let me kiss you?"

Jess bent her head—there was a sudden moisture in her eyes.

"Don't wish that, Annie," she said. "There, run away; you'll get full marks for that to-morrow."

The wistfully counted days wore on, and the breaking-up night arrived. On these occasions Miss Shaddock asked the parents, and the "nobility and gentry" around Minerva House, to witness the attainments of her scholars, and to drink port-negus and eat sandwiches and buns.

At this entertainment, Jess, in her plain black merino, always shone conspicuously. She was good at French and music, as she had said, and she could stand up on the front of the platform, and recite any number of lines from Racine or Shakespeare.

"What a distinguished looking girl!" the guests would whisper to one another, "and what a credit to Miss Shaddock's school."

The girls were all proud of her, and it was Jess' one hour of triumph in her dreary school life.

When the examination was over, the girls rushed away to their dormitories, to pack their boxes. Jess did not pack hers. She had not heard from her father; Miss Shaddock had not said anything of her going home.

She saw nothing before her, but the dreary, silent schoolhouse, and the still more dreary visit to the seaside, in company with the woman who disliked her, and who kept her, so to speak, in pawn.

In the morning, the 'bus came round to take the girls to the station. They were all laughing and talking in the hall, and Jess stood a little apart, with a pale face, and aching heart—they were all going to happy homes, she was to remain a prisoner.

As Polly and some of the girls kissed her, and whispered, 'Good-bye, Jess, dear Jess!" the tears came into her eyes.

The 'bus started amid much laughter and excitement, and Miss Shaddock, after waving her handkerchief, and smiling sourly at the departing throng, turned to Jess, with no trace of the smile left.

"You had better go to your room, and read some improving book, Miss Newton; the mind should never be allowed to remain idle."

As Jess turned, with a lump in her throat, the postman entered the hall, and handed Miss Shaddock a letter. She opened it, and read it, then glanced at Jess with a peculiar and surprised expression.

"One moment, Miss Newton," she called after her.

Jess turned on the stair, with one slim hand on the banister. Miss Shaddock was slightly flushed, and looked rather excited.

"This is—er—a letter from your father!" she said, with her eyes bent upon the paper.

The blood rushed to Jess's face; but she said nothing.

"From your father," repeated Miss Shaddock. "He—er—he—er wishes you to go home."

CHAPTER II.

"TO go home!" exclaimed Jess, almost inaudibly.

"Yes," said Miss Shaddock. She took a long slip from the inside of the letter—it was a check.

"This letter ought to have reached me last night. There will be just time for you to catch the train; but you must be quick, my dear child!"

"My dear child!" Jess could scarcely believe her ears. What had happened to cause this change in Miss Shaddock?

"Run upstairs, and put on your things, and I will send for a fly!"

Jess could scarcely move for a moment; then she bounded upstairs, tore off her shabby school dress, put on her scarcely less shabby black merino, bundled her few things into a well-worn and battered box, put on her hat and jacket, and went down into the hall again. Miss Shaddock was waiting for her, with actually, a smile upon her face.

"Are those your best things, my dear?" she said.

"Yes," replied Jess.

Miss Shaddock bit her lip.

"Tell your father, my dear," she said, "that I was just about to order you some new things—in fact, the patterns came this morning. I hope you've made a good breakfast. Martha is putting up some lunch for you, for you have a long journey before you!"

"Where am I going?" asked Jess.

"To Ravenhurst," replied Miss Shaddock. "It is in Lonsshire. You will change at Byford, and reach Ravenhurst about five o'clock; your father will meet you. Will you have anything before you go?"

Jess shook her head.

"Are you sure, quite sure, dear? Give my best regards to your father, and tell him that I am exceedingly pleased with your conduct, and that I trust he will find you have made great progress in your studies.

"I shall miss you very much indeed, these holidays, my dear; and I hope you will return at the beginning of next term. Let me see, how old are you now?"

"Nineteen," said Jess, staring at her. What did it all mean?

"Dear me, you are very tall for your age. I hope your father will think you are looking well, and that I have taken care of you. I had intended giving you a prize last night, but the stupid bookseller sent a volume short; however, I will send it on to you by book post."

The fly drove up, and Jess got in.

"You have forgotten to kiss me, dear," said Miss Shaddock, poking her head in at the window.

Jess leant forward; Miss Shaddock dabbed her on the cheek.

"You will be sure to give my very best regards to your father!"

Jess nodded; she was incapable of speech. Miss Shaddock put some money into her hand, the shabby box was thrown up beside the driver, and the fly rumbled away.

Jess looked back at the hateful house, with its ugly, stuccoed front and bare windows, then leaned back in a kind of stupor.

But presently she began to realise that she was indeed going home. But to Ravenhurst! Why Ravenhurst, and not Camden Town? Perhaps her father had got a situation there? He had evidently sent Miss Shaddock money; for Jess knew that nothing else could account for that lady's sudden and extraordinary affection.

She reached the station, wondering still, and half inclined to believe she was dreaming, and asked for a ticket for Ravenhurst.

"Look sharp, miss," said the book-office clerk, as he pushed the ticket towards her. "Time's nearly up!"

Jess ran to the platform, and the guard put her in a first-class carriage.

"Oh! I want third!" said Jess.

"Well, you've got a first-class ticket, anyhow!" he said.

In her hurry he had not noticed this; and she wondered whether her father would be angry at her carelessness.

Passengers were hurrying into the train, the time was up, and the guard was raising his whistle to his lips, when Jess saw a gentleman strolling slowly up the platform.

He was a tall man, beautifully dressed, and with an air of serenity and self-possession which the fact that the time was up and the guard on the point of giving the signal for starting, did not appear in the least to disturb him. He sauntered along, with a cigar between his lips, and his eyes half closed, and when the guard said—

"Time's up, sir!" he nodded, cheerfully, and looked back to a plainly-dressed man who was following him with a bag, an overcoat, and a case of fishing rods.

Jess heard the guard swear and mutter in a half good-humored way—

"He's always late, and he don't care a blow how long he keeps the train!" Then, aloud, he said, as he opened the door of Jess' carriage, "Here you are, my lord. But you want a smoking?"

The gentleman threw his cigar away.

"This will do," he said, and he got in. The man who had followed handed in the bag and the overcoat, touched his hat, and got into a second-class compartment lower down.

"All right, my lord?" asked the guard.

The gentleman nodded.

"All right, guard," he said, as if he were giving permission for the train to start; and the guard, with another touch of his hat, gave the signal.

The gentleman took a cap from his bag, leaned back in his corner, glanced at Jess, glanced again, then closed his eyes.

Jess looked round the carriage with a sense of comfort and luxury. It was the first time she had traveled first-class, and the padded cushions seemed delightfully comfortable.

When they reached Byford Junction, the guard came to the door.

"Change here, my lord," he said.

The gentleman said "Confound it!" under his breath, and looked as if he didn't mean to move; but he got out presently, and followed Jess into a carriage of the other train, and, having bought a pile of papers and magazines, leaned back in his corner and closed his eyes again.

Jess looked across at him. She saw that he was young and very handsome. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and looked, even to her inexperienced eyes, like a soldier.

There was a scar just above the left temple, and she wondered whether he had got it in battle. He was beautifully dressed—Jess did not know how perfectly—and his clothes had that air with which some men can endue their wearing apparel.

There was a broad signet ring, with a crest engraved upon it, upon one hand; and Jess noticed that the hand, though large and strong-looking, were very shapely.

His hair was short, but with a slight wave in it; it was of dark chestnut, and the moustache, which, perhaps mercifully, concealed his mouth, had flecks of a lighter and almost golden color about it.

There was something about him, an indefinable something, which attracted Jess, and made her wonder who he was; and she was still looking at him, when he opened his eyes so suddenly that Jess, though not without self-possession, colored slightly, and looked aside.

He stroked his moustache and glanced at her in a half-critical, half indolent way, then reached for the pile of magazines, and, holding them out to her, said—

"Would you like to look at some of these?"

Jess thanked him and selected one. He took the others, and turned them over lazily.

"Almost too hot to read!" he said.

"Yes," said Jess.

The sun was streaming through the window full on to her young and bewitching face.

"Let me pull the blind down for you!" he said. "That's better, isn't it?"

Jess thanked him again.

"Are you going far?" he asked.

"To Ravenhurst," she replied. "It is far, I suppose?"

He looked at her with a slightly increased interest.

"It's a fairly long way," he said. "Have you never been there before?"

Jess replied in the negative.

"You are going on a visit?"

Jess hesitated for a moment; then it occurred to her that perhaps her father was staying there for a short time, probably at the inn, and she said "Yes."

"Well, I hope you'll like it," he said. "I don't! It's a sleepy hole. There's nothing in the world to do there—at this time of the year, at any rate—unless you happen to get the water in good condition, and get a few trout. It's all right in the winter, with the hunting and the shooting!"

"You've been there before?" said Jess.

"Yes; I've been there before—for my sins," he said, "worse luck!"

"Is it a pretty place?" asked Jess.

"Oh! pretty enough," he answered. "Most people rave about it. I daresay you'll like it very well, and I hope you will; though I daresay you'll find it precious dull, after London."

Jess smiled.

"I do not think I shall," she said, in her quiet way. "I have just come from school; it was not very lively there."

He looked at her with a little more attention, but by no means rudely.

"You look too old to have just come from school," he said, as if he were uttering the thought aloud.

Jess laughed.

"I am not very old," she said. "School is very dull; I have been there for a long time without leaving, and any place would seem to me delightful compared with it."

He nodded, sympathetically.

"By George! I used to hate school myself," he said. "I hope they taught you more at yours than they did at mine."

"I don't know how much they taught you," said Jess, naively.

"Nothing!" he said, with a laugh.

Then he took up a sporting paper, and relapsed into silence; and Jess read her magazine with the keen enjoyment of a schoolgirl to whom that kind of literature is a novelty.

The train was an express, and it did not stop again until they reached a large station. The gentleman's attendant, for Jess guessed that he was a servant, came to the window, and handed in a basket.

"Luncheon basket, my lord!" he said.

His lordship nodded lazily, and when the train had started again he opened the basket and took out its contents.

"Will you share this with me?" he asked Jess.

"Thank you," she said; "but I have some lunch." And she took down a small package from the rack.

The gentleman eyed the contents of his basket with indolent and critical disapproval.

"What miserable things they put up!" There was the breast of a fowl, some ham, a slice of pie, some cool-looking salad, bread and butter, and a small bottle of claret and a glass. "Why can't they put in some decent sandwiches, now?"

Jess held out her open package.

"These are sandwiches," she said, innocently; "beef, I think."

"Oh! are they?" he said, as if he had not seen them. "Thanks, very much. But I shall be robbing you! I could eat nearly all those!"

"You are quite welcome," said Jess.

"No, I won't take one," he said, "unless"—as if the thought had just struck him—"you'll help me out with this."

Jess laughed. Even a schoolgirl could not be so green as not to see through his little move. He echoed her laugh quite frankly.

"I thought I was working that rather well," he said. "You'll have to have some, just to show that you don't resent my impertinence!"

"Was it impertinence?" said Jess. "I thought it was very kind."

He cut her some slices of fowl and chopped some salad.

"There's no mayonnaise, worse luck!" he said. "Will you give me some of these sandwiches? I was quite serious."

He induced her to try pie afterwards, and poured her out some wine. Jess drank some, but shuddered.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"No," she said; "I've never tasted claret before. It is very nasty."

He looked at her, and laughed as he filled the same glass for himself. It was a pleasant little lunch, but it made Jess sleepy; her eyes closed, and she felt herself nod.

The gentleman got up, and, taking the cushion from the seat beside him, arranged it systematically in the opposite corner.

"If you'll go over there and lie back," he said, "you'll sleep comfortably; it's an old dodge of mine, and a good one, though I say it."

"Oh! thank you!" said Jess, gratefully, as she nestled into the impromptu couch. "But may you take up the cushions like that?"

"I don't know; I never asked," he said. "I'm going to have a cigar in the next carriage; I hope you'll have a good sleep And, with a friendly nod, he went out.

Jess fell asleep like a top, and she was scarcely awake when the train stopped at the next station

It was a small one, in an agricultural district; and at the last moment a man, who looked like a young farmer or cattle dealer, tumbled in.

He was a great big lout of a fellow, and he had been drinking; and after he had mopped his huge and puffy face with a red silk handerchief, he began to eye Jess—at first curiously, and then with a drunken and unpleasant admiration. She felt his stare upon her face though her eyes were closed, and she turned her head from him.

"'Ope you're pretty comfortable, miss?" he said, presently.

Jess made no reply. But the sudden flush upon her face, and the straightening of her brows showed that she had heard him. He waited for a few minutes, then he said, with a leer—

"You ain't asleep, you know, for I saw yer eyes open as I come in."

Still Jess made no reply, though her face burned. He waited again; then he leaned forward and touched her arm.

"Come; don't be disagreeable," he said. "It's lonely like, with only just us two. Turn round and have a chat."

Jess opened her eyes, and looked at him. They were very expressive eyes, and had a trick of turning nearly black when she was moved by any great emotion.

They were dark now with anger and indignation, and her tormentor recoiled for a moment or two before the light that flashed from them.

"No offence!" he said, with a tipsy smile. "Why don't yer be companionable like? What's the use of young gels, if they ain't pleasant, and ready to chum up with a fellow?"

Jess sat up, and went back to her old place.

"Oh, that's it?" said the man. "Well, I can move, as well as you." And he rose with a lurch, and seated himself opposite her, leaning forward so that his face was unpleasantly near hers.

"If you won't talk, I suppose you won't object to my having a pipe?" And he took an evil-smelling briar from his pocket, filled it and lit it.

Jess shrank as far as she could. She was not exactly afraid, for courage was one of her strong points; but her heart was beating with its heavy burden of loathing, and her pure young soul was up in arms against the insult of the man's mere presence.

He blew the smoke from his vile pipe right across the carriage, and, thrusting his hands in his pocket, uttered a tipsy laugh.

"Now, we're more friendly, ain't we?" he said. "Where may you be a-going, miss?" As he put the question, the train slowed into the station, the door opened, and Jess' former passenger stepped into the carriage.

He looked quickly at the man, and then at Jess. She met his glance with an expression of thankfulness at his presence, with—though, perhaps, she did not know it—an appeal in her beautiful eyes.

He seemed to understand in a moment, and he motioned her back to the seat he had made. There was something like command in the gesture, and she obeyed and went back. Then he turned to the man.

"This is not a smoking carriage, my man," he said.

"I know it ain't," said the man, with a grin. "You can't object, cos I just see you fling yer cigar away; and this young lady ain't going to, 'cos she's too good-natured."

The guard came to close the door.

"Stop a moment, guard!" said the gentleman, quietly. "This man is going to get out here."

"Oh, no, I ain't," said the fellow. "I've as much right in here as you have."

Very imprudently, he got up as he spoke, and assumed a pugilistic attitude.

"Out of the way, guard," said the gentleman, as quietly as before. "And open the door, please."

The next moment his fist shot out from his right shoulder; and, as if he were performing a conjuring trick, the man was shot out of the carriage and lay on his back on the platform.

The guard scarcely looked astonished, as he asked—

"What's the matter, my lord?"

"Tipsy!" said the gentleman. "Get on, we're late already!"

The whole thing had occurred so quickly that Jess scarcely realized it until the train had started. The man had picked himself up, and surrounded by porters, was rubbing his head in a dazed way.

"Oh, he's left behind," said Jess.

"Serve him right!" said the gentleman. He was just as cool and as intolerably-mannered as before the affair, and Jess could not help asking herself whether this was the same man who had a minute or two before stood up, with sternly-set lips, and fierce eyes, to avenge her.

"But it was all my fault!" he said. "I ought to have had the door locked. But I'm a forgetful idiot at the best of times! I hope he didn't trouble you very much!"

"No, no," said Jess. "He was only—rude. He was tipsy—I suppose, I hope you've not hurt him very much!"

"I'm afraid not!" he said. "I'll teach those fellows to put a drunken man into a carriage alone with a lady! Don't be upset. Try and go to sleep again, or you'll have a headache, or something. I'll leave you alone at the next station, and have the carriage-door locked this time!"

He re-arranged the cushions for her, and pulled down the blinds, where necessary, and, getting out at the next station, had the door locked.

"I'm very sorry, miss!" said the guard to Jess. "I didn't see the fellow get in. His lordship will make a rare row about it; he always does when his temper's up. You shan't be disturbed again, miss!"

After some time, Jess managed to go to sleep again; but it was an uneasy slumber, haunted by dreams, not, strange to say, of the tipsy man, but of the Grecian face, stern and fierce, and of the strong hand, as it thudded against her persecutor's head.

She awoke with a start, when the guard opened the door, and, saying it was Ravenhurst, helped her to alight. He got a porter for her box—his lordship had given him half a sovereign to look after her—and inquire respectfully if there were anyone to meet her.

"Yes," said Jess, hurriedly, and she looked round her. The gentleman came up to her.

"I hope you are all right?" he said. "Someone here to meet you?"

"Yes—yes, thank you!" said Jess, to both questions.

He raised his hat, and, followed by his valet, went out of the station, and mounted a tall dog cart, with a tandem pair, and drove off.

Jess stood by her box, still looking round her. There was no other carriage outside, no one but the railway people on the station. What should she do? She did not even know what house or place to inquire for!

Her heart was sinking, and—she was rather tired, and had been excited by the scene in the carriage—the tears were near her eyes, when suddenly an open carriage, drawn by a magnificent pair of bays, dashed into the station yard, and a footman dismounting, came hurriedly on to the platform.

He looked up and down inquiringly; then, approaching Jess, said—

"Are you Miss Newton, if you please, miss?"

"I am Miss Newton," said Jess, wonderingly.

"The carriage is outside, miss, if you'll please to come. Beg pardon for being late, miss; but master mistook the time of the train."

Jess looked from the magnificent carriage to the footman.

"There—there must be some mistake!" she faltered. "It is not me you have come for. Who is your master?"

The man looked at her in a surprised way, but touched his hat respectfully.

"Your father, Mr. Newton, miss," he said. "The porter's taken your box. Will you give me your ticket, if you please, miss?"

Jess gave him her ticket, and followed him in an absolutely dazed condition of mind.

Cinderella herself could not have been more amazed, when she took that memorable drive in the fairy chariot, with the milk-white horses, than was Jess as she stepped into the carriage which had been sent for her, and which—could it be possible?—the footman had said belonged to her father: her father!

CHAPTER III.

JESS rode on in wonderment. She looked at the carriage; it was new and exceedingly handsome; the coachman and footman sat bolt upright, with the bearing of well-trained servants; their liveries were new and as handsome in their way as the carriage.

The whole turn-out was eloquent of wealth and grandeur. Jess drew a long breath and looked down at her shabby clothes with bewilderment. Then she glanced about her with vivid curiosity.

They were going along a broad and well-kept road: on one side was a wood or plantation, on the other up-rising meadow; the hedges were well kept; there was an air of prosperity about the country.

Presently they came to a bridge, beneath which a brawling trout river ran. Beyond the bridge was a hill, and on the left side of it a lodge with tremendous iron gates.

The lodge was old and covered with ivy; the gates were of beautifully wrought iron, but looked as if they wanted painting badly; the road upon which they opened, and which they guarded, wound under an avenue of fine elms; but it was weedy, and had a somewhat neglected air, in harmony with the gates and lodge.

Jess wondered to whom it belonged. There was a coat of arms upon the gate; but, of course, it conveyed no information to her.

The road dipped again, and they entered a small but prosperous looking village; there was a tiny church and a picturesque inn, with a swinging sign-board bearing the same coat of arms as that on the gate.

Two or three men stood outside drinking beer; they touched their hats as she drove by, and the women and children curtsied as the carriage passed.

"It must be a mistake," thought Jess; "the real girl—the girl who ought to be in here—will come up presently, and I shall be turned out!"

They left the village behind, and, turning abruptly to the right, drove through some excellent gates, up a well-kept road, and, presently, pulled up in front of a large house. It was of red brick, and looked rather new and self-assertive in the sunlight; there were a good many windows to it, and they were all handsomely curtained; the garden that bordered the lawn was gorgeous with flowers, and the whole place seemed to speak of money—and plenty of it.

The footman opened the carriage door, and Jess got out and went up the steps. The hall door was opened by another footman, who looked as if he had seen Jess only an hour before, and would die rather than seem to be guilty of curiosity concerning her, and Jess stepped in.

The hall was large and handsomely furnished; but it looked new, like the outside of the house, and the garden, and the lawn, the road, the gates, the carriage, and the servants' liveries.

A door opened on the right of the hall, and her father came towards her. He was a man of rather more than middle-age, big-boned, but thin; his face was angular, and somewhat hard and stern-looking; his eyes were sharp, and there were wrinkles about them which, like the scars on a warrior, told that he had fought hard in the battle of life.

He was dressed in a gray morning suit, and looked a mixture of the business man and the country gentleman—as the former always looks when he is playing the part of the latter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

PIGMIES.—The average height of the pigmies dwelling in the Congo basin is under four feet. They are a nomadic race, and, being hunters, follow the game in its migrations through the forest according to the season. They are courageous and pugnacious, and have an intimate knowledge of poisons, death succeeding in from three to ten minutes after a scratch is made by one of their tiny poisoned arrows.

INGENUITY.—The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a Kaffir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to cross the stream at a time when, to ford it, was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.—Etiquette is the most formidable feature of Chinese life. It applies to everything, and has a force and meaning unknown to us "barbarians." Its ramifications at times are truly bewildering. It is considered very ill-bred to ask after the health of a man's wife. It is likewise objectionable to remove one's cap in the presence of a gentleman, to wear coat sleeves that do not cover one's finger-nails, to betray a small appetite, or to wear less than three coats in making a formal visit. There are a thousand other points equally whimsical.

MAGNETS PUT TO WORK.—This seems to be emphatically the age of work. Elephants have been set to pulling stumps and rolling logs, and now electro-magnets have been pressed into service in England for the lifting of heavy masses of iron and steel. The magnets are attached to cranes, and are operated by a current from an electric-power circuit. When the current is on, they grip their load with a lifting strength equal to two tons; but when the current is turned off, they instantly let go. An instance of the application of such a magnet is cited where work which formerly occupied six men for ninety minutes can now be done by three men and the magnet in the space of fifteen minutes.

THE CASTOR OIL PLANT.—No sort of bird, beast, or creeping thing will touch a castor oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight; and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant being so universally detested by the animal world.

WEDDING DECORATIONS.—In Australia there is a much greater amount of church decoration on matrimonial occasions than we have here. At a recent wedding an arch of white flowers was erected across the centre aisle to mark the point beyond which the pews were reserved for the guests. A rope of white flowers stretched across, fastened with a loop of white satin ribbons upon the pointed top of one of the pew doors. A larger and lovelier arch, composed of the rarest white flowers intermixed with maidenhair, was placed where the bride and bridegroom stood and knelt to be made one. Directly over their heads hung a marriage bell of snowy blossoms. The pillars that upheld the galleries were garlanded with greenery, among which white flowers were entwined.

THE OLDEST.—The oldest rose bush in the world is at Hildesheim, a small city in Hanover. Its roots are in the subsoil of a church in the cemetery, and although the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, the new stems have found their way through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the whole church with their branches for a height and width of forty feet. According to tradition this rose tree was planted by Charlemagne in 815, and the church having been burnt down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. A book has been published recently giving the history of this venerable rose tree, which, casting tradition aside, is known to be at least three hundred years old, it having been mentioned in a book published in 1573, and in a poem bearing the date of 1600.

LOVE'S STAR.

BY W. W. LONG.

The sun sinks down to the amber west,
  There is purple and gold on the sea;
There is light and shade on the mountain's brow,
  And perfume of rose on the lea.

The blue waves roll to the shell-lined shore,
  And fall at my darling's feet;
The zephyr kisses her long dark hair,
  As it murmurs, "Sweet, so sweet."

Her looks are dark as the wings of night,
  Coming out of the sunset west;
Her eyes are bright with love's fond glow,
  White as the snow is her breast.

A star gleams out of the azure east,
  It dazzles and gleams star;
And my darling's soul with rapture thrills,
  For she knows it is Love's true star.

O silver star from the court of love,
  Watch over my love to-night;
O radiant star of trust and truth,
  May her life as thine be bright.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE saw her mistake then; saw what a short-sighted, miserable policy hers had been; but it was all too late.

"Surely," he continued, "you had lived with me long enough to know that I had some semblance of a gentleman, some faint notions of honor. There is no need to sneer my lady; men do not reckon honor when they deal with what you were then."

"I know it," she cried, with a sudden bitterness, in a voice that had no resemblance to her own.

"Why did you not trust me? I can not—I shall never forgive you for the way in which you deserted me. Had you left me one line—only one line—telling me your true parents had claimed you, Doris, it would have saved all this."

"I had not time."

"Because you did not wish to make it. Even suppose that, to avoid detection, you had hurried from Florence, you might surely have sent me a line from England; even if you could not trust me with your name and address, you might have done that."

"I see it now; I might, nay, I should have done it. Will that admission satisfy you?"

"There is nothing in it to satisfy me," he said, angrily; "you had no right to desert me as you did, to treat me as you did—none in the world.

"Do you know what you cost me? Do you know that I went mad over losing you? that I searched for you day after day, month after month, hating my life itself because you no longer formed part of it? Do you know that the loss of you changed me from a good-tempered man into a fiend?—can you realise that, Lady Doris Studleigh?"

"No," she replied, "I can not."

"It is true. Fair, bright, frivolous women like you can not realise a man's love—they can not even estimate it! And strange—oh! strange to say!—women like you win strong, passionate love, for which the pure and noble of your sex seek in vain."

Alas! that she had given him the right to speak thus to her—that she had placed herself in the power of such a man! Oh, fatal, foolish, and wicked sin! Yet true to herself, true to her own light, frivolous nature, it was not the bitter sin she repented so much as its discovery.

He drew nearer to her, and placed one hand on her arm.

"Do you know, Doris," he said, "that when you left me I had begun, even then, to love you with such a passionate love that every pulse of my heart was wrapped up in it?"

She shook his hand from her as though there were contamination in his touch.

"I did not know it. I do not believe it. You never loved me—you have loved nothing on earth one-half so dearly as you have loved yourself!"

His face grew dark with anger.

"Remembering how entirely you are in my power," he said, "I ask you, is it wise to anger me?"

"You never loved me," she repeated; "Earle loved me, and would have died any day to save my fair name! You never loved me, you loved yourself!"

"I repeat it, I loved you with a passion so terrible, so fierce, so violent, it frightened me. I loved you so, that I would have lost wealth, fortune, position—ah! life itself—for you!"

Her white lips smiled scornfully; that calm, proud scorn drove him beside himself.

"You have been some time in discovering it," he said.

"That is your mistake," he replied; "do you know, Doris, I swear what I am saying is true. Do you know why I was so gay, so happy, so light of heart on the day you left me? It was because my love had beaten down my pride, and on that very evening I had resolved upon asking you to be my wife."

"I do not believe it," she cried.

"It is true; I swear it on the faith and honor of a gentleman. I swear it on the man of a man."

"I should need a stronger oath than that," she said.

"I swear it then by your own falsenes, and by your own deceit; can any oath be stronger than that? On that very evening I had resolved upon asking you to be my wife. I was determined to make our union legal. I loved you so that I could not live without you."

She made no reply for one minute, but looked steadily at him; then she said:

"I do thank Heaven that I have been spared the degradation of becoming your wife."

"Yet you were content to be my companion," he said. Her face flushed hotly at the words.

"I have lost you, how long, Dora, how many months? Do you think, my love has grown less in that time? Do you think it has faded or grown cold? If you imagine so, you do no justice to your own marvelous beauty; you do no justice to your own fascinations; a thousand times no! it is a burning torrent now that carries all before it; it is a tempest that will know no abatement—Dora, you had lost your usual shrewdness when you thought that absence would cure such love as mine."

"My name is Lady Studleigh, not Dora," she said, proudly. "Once for all, Lord Vivianne, your love does not in the least interest me."

"You will have to take an interest in it," he replied, "I swear, for the future, you shall know no other love."

"I will never know yours," she replied.

He laughed contemptuously.

"It is no use, Dora," he said; "you must really excuse me; I cannot help enjoying my triumph; I would not laugh if I could help it; but, my dear Dora, I cannot help it. Did you ever see a fly in a spider web? Did you ever watch it struggle and strive to escape, while the spider, one could fancy, was shaking his filmy sides with laughter? Have you ever seen that terrible phenomenon in natural history?

"You, my poor Dora, are the helpless little fly. I am the spider. It is not an elegant comparison, but it is perfectly true; you are in my power completely, thoroughly, and nothing can take you from me."

She looked at him quite calmly, her courage was rising, now that the first deadly shock had passed away.

"Perhaps," she said, "you will tell me what you want. Spare me any further conversation with you; it does not interest me. Tell me, briefly as you can, what you want."

"What do I want?" he repeated.

"Yes, just that—neither more nor less—what do you want? I own you have me in your power, I own that you hold a secret of mine. What is to be its price? I can not buy your silence with money. You are a gentleman, a man of honor, having my fair name in your power—what shall you charge me for keeping it? I am anxious to know the price men exact for such secrets as those.

"You wooed me and won me, after your own honorable fashion—what are you going to exact now as the price of your love and my mad folly? I was vain, foolish, untruthful; but, after all, I was an innocent girl when you knew me first. What shall be the price of my innocence? Oh, noble descendant of noble men—oh, noble heritor of a noble race! Speak—let me hear!"

Her taunts stung him almost to fury; his face grew livid with rage, yet, the more insolent she, the more deeply he loved her; the more scornful she, the deeper and wider grew his worship of her.

"I will tell you the price," he said; "I will make you my wife. Consent to marry me, and I will swear to you, by Heaven itself, that I will keep your secret faithfully, loyally, until I die."

"I cannot marry you," she replied; "I do not love you. I cannot help it, if you are angry. I do not even like you. I should be most wretched and miserable with you, for I loathe you. I will never be your wife."

"All those," he replied, slowly, "are objections that you must try to overcome."

"What if I tell you I love some one else?" she said.

"I should pity him, really pity him, from the depths of my heart; but, all the same, I should say you must be my wife!"

She longed to tell him that she loved and meant to marry Earle, but she was afraid even to mention his name.

"I shall conquer all your objections in time," he said. "It is nothing to me that you say you dislike me; it is even less that you say you like another."

But he never even thought that she really liked Earle. Had she not run away from him?

CHAPTER LXX.

"THAT is the first part of your declaration," said Lady Doris, with the calm of infinite contempt; "if I will promise to be your wife, you will promise to marry me. What if I refuse?"

"You are placing a very painful alternative before me," he replied.

"Never mind the pain, my lord; we will waive that. I wish to know the alternative."

"If you will marry me, I will keep your secret, Lady Doris Studleigh, faithfully until death."

"Then I clearly, distinctly, and firmly refuse to marry you. What then?"

"In that case I shall be compelled to take the most disagreeable measures—I shall be compelled to hold your secret as a threat over you, if you refuse to be my wife. I will tell you, quite honestly, that I will make you the laughing stock of all London.

"You—fair, beautiful, imperial—you shall be an object of scorn, men shall laugh at you, women turn aside as you pass by; even the most careless and reckless shall refuse to receive you—shall consider you out of the pale.

"I will tell the whole world, if you compel me to do it, what you were to me in Florence; I will tell the handsome earl, your father, whose roof in that case will no longer shelter you.

"I will tell your proud, high-bred stepmother—the haughtily duchess who presented you at court—nay, even the queen herself, she who values a woman's good name far above all worldly rank."

"You would do all that?" she said.

"Yes, just as soon as I would look at you."

"And you call that honor."

"No; it is, on the contrary, most dishonorable. Do not imagine that I seek to deceive myself. It would be about the most dishonorable thing any person could do; in fact, nothing could be more base; I grant that. But, if you drive a man mad with love, what can he do? You compel me to take the step, or I would not take it."

She could not grow paler; her face was already ghastly white; but from her eyes there shot one glance that might, from its anger and its fire, have struck him blind.

"You would not spare me," she said, "because it was you yourself who led me to ruin."

"I love you so madly," he said, "that I can not spare you at all."

"Have you thought," she asked, "what, if you do this deed, the world will say of you and to you? Have you weighed this well?"

"I am indifferent," he said; "I care for nothing on earth but winning you."

"Do you realise that in destroying me you destroy yourself; that you will make yourself more hated and despised than any man ever was before? Do you not see that?"

"I repeat that nothing interests me save winning you, Dora; I am quite willing to be destryed with you."

"What will the world say to a man who deliberately destroys and ruins a girl as you did me?"

"My dearest Dora, the world hears such stories every day, and, I am afraid, rather admires the heroes of them."

"What does it say, then, of cowardly men who, having won such a victory, boast of it?"

"I own that the world looks askance on such a man, and very properly, too. It is a base, cowardly thing to do. What other course is left me? You drive me to it. I have no wish to play such a contemptible part; I have no wish to boast of a victory—I shall hate myself for doing it; but what else is there for it? Listen, once and for all. Dora—I cannot help calling you by the old familiar name—I will have you for my wife; I will marry you.

"Nothing, I swear, except death, shall take you from me. I will make you happy. I will see that every desire of your heart is fulfilled; but I swear you shall be my wife.

"There is no escape—no alternative; either that or disgrace, degradation, and ruin. Do not think I shall hesitate from any fear of ruin to myself. I would ruin myself to-morrow to win you. You might as well try to stem the force of a tide as to alter my determination."

She saw that she was conquered. Mortifying, humiliating as it was, she was conquered—there was no help for her.

She stood quite still for one moment. Then she said slowly:

"Will you give me time?"

His face flushed hotly; his triumph was coming. A smile played round his lips and brightened his eyes:

"Time? Yes; you can have as much time as you like. You see the solution plainly, do you not? Marry me and keep your fair name, your high position; defy me and lose it all. You see it plainly?"

"Yes; there is no mistake about it; you have made it most perfectly plain," she said, in a low passionless voice. "I quite understand you. Give me time to think it over. I can not decide it hurriedly."

"What time do you require?" he asked. "I shall not be willing to wait very long."

"It is June now," she continued; "you can not complain if I say give me until the end of August."

"It shall be so, Dora. Will you give me your hand upon it?"

"No," she replied, "I will not give you my hand. Come at the end of August, and I will give you your answer."

"I shall not be deprived of the happiness of seeing you until then, Dora?"

"I can not say; I will not be followed, I will not be watched. I claim my perfect freedom until then."

"You shall have it. Do not think worse of me than I deserve, Dora. If I had found you married, I would not have spoken, I would never have hinted at the discovery; but you are not married, darling, nor, while I live, shall any man call you wife except myself."

How bitterly at that moment she regretted not having been married! If she had known—if she had only known, he should have found her the wife of Earle!

"I have no wish to injure you, or to do anything except make life pleasant for you; but my love for you has mastered me, it has conquered me. You must be mine!"

Such passion shone in his eyes, gleamed in his face, that she shrunk back half frightened. He laughed, as he said:

"It is one thing, you see, Dora, to light a fire, another to extinguish it."

"Now, will you leave me, Lord Vivianne? You have placed the pleasing alternative very plainly before me; we have agreed upon a time until you come for my answer—that will be at the end of August. Until then your own good sense will show you the proper course to pursue; you need neither seek nor avoid me."

He bowed.

"I hope, Lady Studleigh, you will have overcome your great objection to my presence before you see me. I will now go. Let me give you one word of warning. A desperate man is not to be trifled with; if you attempt to escape me, if you place you self in any way legally out of my reach, you shall answer to me, not only with your fair name, but with your life! You hear!"

"I hear," she replied, calmly, "but I do not come of a race that heeds threats. Good-morning, my lord."

"Dora," he said, "for the sake of old times—of the old love—will you not give me one kiss?"

"I would rather see you dead!" was the reply, given with an angry bitterness she could not control.

He laughed aloud.

"I shall soon see that pretty spirit humbled," he said. "Good-morning, my lady."

And the next minute he was gone.

She stood for some little time where he had left her. Such fiery passion and anger surging in her heart as almost drove her mad.

Her face flushed crimson with it, her eyes flamed, she twisted her white hands till the gemmed rings made great dents in them.

She hated him with such an intensity of hatred, that she would have laughed over

his death. Her graceful figure shook with its heavy strain of anger—her lips parted with a low, smothered cry:

"I pray Heaven to curse him!" she cried, "with a terrible life and a terrible death; to send him a thousand-fold the torture he has given to me. I—I wish I could kill him."

In the might of her wrath she trembled as a leaf upon a tree. She raised her right hand to Heaven.

"I swear I will never marry him," she said. "Let him threaten, punish, disgrace, degrade me as he will, I swear that I will never marry him.

"I will lose love, happiness, wealth, position, nay, even life first; but I swear also that I will torture him and pay him for all he has made me suffer!"

She walked to and fro, never even seeing the brilliant blossoms and the glossy leaves, trampling the fragrant flowers she had gathered under foot, moaning with a low, piteous wail.

It was too cruel—too hard. She had sinned—yes, she knew that—sinned greatly; but surely the punishment was too hard. O hers sinned and prospered; why was she so heavily stricken? She was young when she sinned—careless, ignorant, heedless; now she had to lose all of it.

She had beauty that made all men her slaves; she had wealth such as she had never dreamed of; she had one of the highest positions in the land; she had, above all, the love of Earle, the love and fealty of Earle. Now, in punishment for this one sin, she must lose all. Would Heaven spare her?

Was it of any use, in this her hour of dire need, praying? Why, in all her life—her brief, brilliant life—she had never prayed; was it of any use her beginning now?

She did not even remember the simple words of the little prayer she had been used to say with Mattie at her mother's knee—it was all forgotten.

She knew there was a God in heaven, although she had always laughed and mocked at religion, deeming it only fit for tiresome children and old women; surely there was more in it than this.

She knelt down and stretched out her hands with a yearning look, as though some voice in the skies would surely speak to her.

Then she could not remember how it happened, the fragrance of the flowers seemed to grow too strong for her, the glass roof, the green climbing plants the brilliant blossoms seemed to fall on her and crush her.

With a long low cry she fell, with her face on the ground, a streaming mass of radiant white and golden hair.

It was there, that, going in an hour afterward, Earle found her, and, raising her from the floor, thought at first that she was dead.

Great was the distress, great the consternation; servants came hurrying in, the doctor was sent for. The earl and the countess, returning, were driven half frantic by the sight of that white face and silent figure. It hardly reassured them to hear that it was only a fainting fit.

"Brought on by what?" asked the earl, in a fever of anxiety.

"Nothing more than the reaction after too great physical fatigue," replied the doctor.

"The Lady Doris looks stronger than she really is; the best advice I can give is, that she should leave London at once, and have some weeks of perfect rest in the country. Medicine is of no use."

Lady Linleigh quite agreed in this view of the subject, and the earl declared impetuously that they should go at once—to-morrow, if she is better. He said: "I should not like such another fright."

That evening when Lady Doris lay on the little couch in Lady Linleigh's boudoir, and Earle sat by her side, he said to her:

"What caused that sudden illness, my darling? Did anything frighten you?"

"No; I was only tired, Earle."

"Tired! I am beginning to dread the word. Do you know what they told me, Doris?"

"No," she replied, looking at him with frightened eyes; "what was it?"

"One of the servants said she was quite sure that she had heard some one talking to you in the conservatory; but when I went in you were quite alone. Had any one been there?"

"What nonsense," she cried, evasively; time and experience had taught her it was foolish to risk the truth recklessly.

"I thought it was a mistake," said loyal Earle. "Who would be likely to be with you there when you had reserved the morning for me?"

She closed her tired eyes, and said to herself how thankful she would be when all of this was over.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THREE days later they were once more at Linleigh Court. The earl would hear of no opposition. He ruthlessly broke all engagements, sacrificed all interest and pleasure. His daughter's health, he said, must be paramount with him, and so it was.

The only drawback was that Earle could not go. He might run down for two or three days; but until Parliament broke up he could not be away for very long. The earl and countess were amused to see how both lovers felt the separation.

"Thank Heaven!" said Lady Estelle. "Ah! Ulric, you do not know how I thank Heaven that our child loves Earle."

"Did you ever doubt it, my lovely sentimental darling?" said Lord Linleigh.

"I was not sure; I was always more or less afraid," said the countess. "She spoke so lightly of love; but now she seems very fond of Earle."

"I do not think the woman is born who could help loving Earle," said Lord Linleigh. "He is the finest, noblest man I know. She shows her good taste in loving him."

"She will be very happy," said Lady Estelle, with tears in her eyes. "She will be one of the happiest women in the world, and I am so grateful for it, Ulric. It might have all been so different for the poor child."

Lord Linleigh looked thoughtfully at her.

"Do you know, Estelle, I have an idea that Doris is very much changed. Have you noticed it?"

"She seemed to me much fonder of Earle, and not so strong as she was; I have not noticed any other difference."

"Then it must be my fancy. She has seemed to me more thoughtful, at times even sad, then strangely reckless. A strange idea has come to me—do you think she has any secret connected with that former lonely life of hers?"

"I do not think so," replied Lady Estelle, growing pale.

"That was a strange notion of yours, my dear, sending her there. Still, those good people seemed to have done their best for her."

"I believe," said Lady Estelle, hastily, "that she was quite as safe as she would have been under my own roof. I think I have noticed what you mean—a nervous kind of uncertainty and dread; but I am quite sure it is not because of any secret, Ulric; it is rather because she has been overtaxed. I remember speaking to her about it some time since. She will soon be well now."

Lady Estelle was right. Away from that terrible incubus, the dread of meeting the man she feared and detested; away from this baneful influence, she speedily recovered health and spirits; the dainty color flushed back in her lovely face, her eyes grew radiant, sweet snatches of song came from her lips; she was once more the bright, gay Doris, whose winsome smiles and charms had won all hearts. Lady Linleigh laughed at her fears, and for a short time all was happiness at Linleigh Court.

Earle came down for a few days, and then the wedding-day was fixed. It was to be on the tenth of August, and when the wedding was over they were to go right away until Lady Doris had recovered her usual strength.

It was not until afterward that Earle remembered how strange it was that she should have hurried on the wedding; when he came to think it over, he found that it was so.

It was Doris who planned and arranged everything; he had but acquiesced, he had not been the prime mover in it. So it was settled—the tenth of August; not many more weeks of suspense and anxiety, not much more dread. Her revenge and her love would be gratified alike.

She should be Earle's wife on the tenth; on the twentieth, when Lord Vivianne came she should be far away with Earle to protect her; Earle to shield her. It would be useless to pursue her then; even if he did his worst, and betrayed her, she did not not care, her position would be secured.

Oh, it would be such glorious revenge, to find her married, after all his solemn oaths that she should be wife, and belong to no other—either to him or to death!

"I will deceive him to the very last," she thought. "I will delude him until the very hour that sees me Earle's wife."

She bent all her energies to this. It was easy enough to win from Earle a promise of total silence; it was not quite so easy to win that same promise from the earl and countess. She did win it though.

On that same evening that Earle left, a superb night in June, when the stars were gleaming in the skies, and the night air was heavy with sweet odors, Lord and Lady Linleigh had gone out into the grounds.

The evening was far too beautiful to be spent in-doors, and she followed them. They were sitting under the great drooping beeches, watching the loveliness of that fair summer night.

The same thought struck both of them as Doris came to them, that neither starlight nor moonlight had ever fallen on so fair a figure as this. Her long dress of white sweeping silk trailed over the long grass, she wore fragrant white lilies on her breast and in her golden hair; she might have been the very spirit of starlight, from her fair, picturesque loveliness. She went up to them, and bending down to kiss Lady Linleigh's hand, she knelt on the grass at their feet.

"You are alone," she said, "the two arbiters of my destiny. I am so glad, for I have a favor—a grace to ask."

"It is granted before it is asked," said the countess.

But Lord Linleigh laughed.

"No," he said, "that would hardly be wise; we cannot allow that."

She raised her face to his, and he saw how earnest it was in its expression of pleading and prayer.

"Dear papa," she said, gently, "you must not refuse me this."

"I will not, my darling, if it be in reason," he replied.

"Earle told me that you and he had arranged our wedding day for the tenth of August," she continued. "Dear papa, dear Lady Linleigh, I want you to promise that it shall be kept a profound secret from the whole world."

"My dear Doris!" cried the countess.

"It is quite impossible," said the earl. "Besides, I see no reason for such a thing. Why should you want it so?"

"It is possible," she said. "I have been with you long enough to know that with you everything is possible. Why I wish it done, is my whim, my folly—my secret, if you will."

"I really do not see—" began the earl; but she laid one soft, white hand on his lips.

"Let me show you, papa. Let me hear your objections, and vanquish them one by one."

"To begin with—your train of bridemaids, they must be invited."

"Papa," she interrupted, "I want none. I will have none, only Mattie, my foster sister—let her come, no one else."

"Then the marriage settlements?" said the perplexed earl.

"They can be arranged with all possible secrecy, if you only say one word to your lawyers."

"But the bishop, and the marriage. My dear Doris, it is impossible, impracticable, ridiculous!"

"I am sure that you will be sorry, papa, if you refuse me."

And something in her voice struck the earl with keen anxiety.

"Have you any secret, sensible reason for what you ask, Doris?" he said, gravely, the old suspicion that there had been something strange in his daughter's life coming back to him with double force.

"I have my own fancy, papa; do not thwart it, do not oppose me now that I am so soon to leave you. You will always be pleased to think how much of my own way you have given me in this instance."

"Let her do as she will, Ulric," said Lady Linleigh; "it would be cruel to refuse her."

"Listen to my idea first, papa. This is the sort of wedding I should like—you, of course, can please yourself whether you let me have it or not.

"I should like no one except Mattie to know anything about it in advance of the day. I should like my wedding trousseau to be as magnificent and grand as you please; all ordered, arranged, and prepared, to be kept in London ready for me, so that I may select what I want to take abroad with me; then I should like Earle to come on the eighth, as though he were coming for an ordinary visit; on the ninth, I should be quite willing for you to tell the servants in the house, so that wedding favors, flowers, and a wedding breakfast can be prepared; then, early on the morning of the tenth, I should like to drive over to the old church at Anderley with Earle, Mattie and you—Lady Linleigh, if she will come—no one else; then to be married in that pretty church, where the morning sun always shines so brightly, and then go away with Earle.

"No pealing of bells, no jewels, no showers of wedding presents, no pomp, no bishop, with assistant ministers, no ceremony, no grandeur. That is just what I should like, papa."

"I never heard such an extraordinary idea in all my life," said the earl. "I do not know what to answer. I should like you to have your own way; but such a wedding for an earl's daughter is unheard of."

"Yes; it is different to Hanover Square, miles of white satin and lace, bishops, bells, jewels, carriages, friends, and all that kind of thing. I know it is quite different; but let me have my own way, papa, please. Pray intercede for me, Lady Linleigh."

The countess turned to her husband.

"Let it be so, Ulric," she said.

He was silent. He would have refused altogether, but for the uncomfortable suspicion haunting him that she had some painful though hidden motive, and that it was connected with that past life of hers, of which he knew so little; but for that, he would have laughed the whole idea to scorn.

"My dear Dora, I cannot understand. Most ladies look upon their wedding as the crowning ceremony of their lives, the grandest event that can possibly happen to them—the very opportunity for a display of splendor and magnificence!"

"I know they do," she replied, gently. Then as her hands clasped his, he felt her shudder, as though cold. She raised her face, and kissed him; she clasped her white arms round his neck.

"Papa," she cried, "although I am your own child, I have never been much to you; the best part of my life has been spent away from you; I have never seen my mother's face; she is not here to plead to you for me.

"I shall have gone away from you, and, altogether, you will have known but little of me. I hope Heaven will send you other children to love and bless you; but, papa, do not refuse my prayer.

"In the after years, when I am far away, and perhaps a fair-haired son stands pleading where I stand pleading now, you will like to remember that you yielded to my prayer—that you granted me the greatest favor it was in your power to grant."

The earl looked down. Lady Linleigh was weeping bitterly.

"You hear, Ulric!" she said, in a low passionate voice; "you hear! She says she has no mother to plead for her! Let me plead in the mother's place! Do what she asks!"

"I never did anything so unwillingly in all my life," said the earl. "It is unheard of, inconsistent, ridiculous in the highest degree; but I cannot refuse the prayer of my wife and child; it must be as you wish."

He saw, even in the starlight, the expression of relief that came over the beautiful, restless face.

"You promise, then," said Doris, "and you, too, Lady Linleigh, that you will not tell to any creature living, except Mattie Brace, when I am to marry, whom I am to marry, or anything about it?"

"I promise," said Lady Estelle.

"And I, too," repeated the earl, "although it is sorely against my better judgment, my will, my common sense, and everything else."

"Never mind, papa," said Lady Doris; "you have made me happy."

But even then, as she spoke, the tragedy was looming over her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUSTWORTHY MEN.—Let it once be understood that a man is strictly trustworthy that he can be counted upon in all the ordinary emergencies of life, and confidence and unlimited credit are within his reach. Many a man has a reputation of far greater value than a bank deposit, for that by some accident may be destroyed or diverted from its legitimate purpose; but the name is guarantee for all its owner promises.

In years past, when values had a more fixed standard, when there were less speculation and not as much of what is called "trading upon paper" as at present, the statement that a man's word was as good as his bond was more common than it is nowadays.

To have this said of a man, especially one who is comparatively young, is the greatest compliment that can be paid him.

IF a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

THE DAYS PASS BY.

BY L. J.

Another voice now greets thee softly, kindly,
Another hand perchance is clasped in thine;
'Mid fairer scenes thy sweet eyes smile and brighten—
Fond eyes that once flashed lovelight into mine;
And still the days pass by

My summer skies and flow'rets long have faded,
My sunshine vanished with your low farewell;
My world is empty save for thee, far distant—
No music echoes where I lonely dwell;
And still the days pass by!

The days go by in merriment, in sadness,
In pain and mirth, in change and passing woe;
I heed them not amid my bitter longing
For those dear sunny hours of long ago;
And still the days pass by!

O darling, though our lives have drifted ever
Apart from Faith's sweet bond that held them one,
Though naught can give us back our golden spring-time,
And Love's bright reign for aye is dead and gone—
Still—still the days pass by!

Captain Scarlet.

BY L. R. S.

Received of William Bingham, for one-half year's rent of the glebe farm known as Highfields, to Michaelmas of this year, the sum of 38 pounds 17 shillings.—John Mayfield, Dec. 20th, 1785.

THE grey-haired old Rector handed his tenant this receipt, and placed the little canvas bag in his pocket. He shook hands, asked after Mrs. Bingham, and hoped he would see them both at dinner on New Year's Eve; then he slowly mounted his cob. It was past four o'clock in the afternoon and quite dark. The moon would not be up for a good two hours.

About a mile from the Rectory gates, before you come to the cross roads, the Rector dimly made out the figure of a man on horseback, waiting quietly on the sodden turf by the roadside.

"Good-night to ye," he said as he trotted past.

"Stand and deliver!" was the unexpected answer he received.

Parson Mayfield pulled up his roadster more in amazement than alarm, as the highwayman came alongside. He was masked, and wore a heavy riding coat.

"My good man——" began the Rector. But the dull gleam of a pistol barrel in the fellow's hand sent him fumbling in his pockets.

It was all over in less than a minute. Parson Mayfield was robbed on the highway an hour after sundown of $190 odd dollars.

As he rode slowly on toward the Rectory he meditated on his Christmas day sermon. That excellent discourse of his on Peace and Goodwill should this year, he thought, gave place to a new treatise, though no doubt much of the old and tried work would bear repetition. He would set to the moment he reached his study.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." He had only written thus far, and was seeking further inspiration in a volume of sermons by the learned and ingenious Dr. Tillotson, when there was a knock at the study door.

"What is it, Betty?" he asked his old housekeeper.

"If yer please, sir, there be a gentlemon coom, as says as 'ow a'yd loike a word with yer. A be in te doinin'-room."

"Will you show the gentleman in here, please?"

Parson Mayfield rose courteously to meet his visitor.

He was a man of medium height, and wore the long light riding-coat and cape then in vogue. His manners were distinguished and unembarrassed.

"Good evening," he said, bowing. "I must apologise for interrupting you at your work."

"Not the least," said the Rector politely.

"But I shall not detain you a moment," he continued. "I am a stranger, and know nothing of this country. Yet I need hardly say that the fame of Derbyshire hospitality has reached my ears. I have come to ask you for permission to stable my horse in one of your stalls for the night. He has come some distance today, and is dead beat."

"You are most welcome, sir," said the Rector; "but for yourself—have you found quarters? Or may I have that pleasure also?"

"A thousand thanks," replied the stranger. "I sleep at the 'Green Man.' It is only the stables there that are full. Lord Teddington and his rather numerous suite are there, en route from the Bath. The landlord suggested that Mr. Mayfield would help me."

"Indeed, I shall be delighted," said the Rector. "Excuse me one moment, Mr.—Mr——"

"Hawley," said the stranger quietly.

"Mr. Hawley, while I give orders that your horse is seen to. I will rejoin you in a moment."

On his return, Parson Mayfield was surprised to find Hawley, whom he had set down for a brainless man of fashion, standing by one of the bookcases much engrossed with a somewhat rare edition of Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' a volume which, both for binding and text, was the pride of the Rector's library.

"You have selected the gem, sir," observed the parson, with the pleased enthusiasm of a collector. "You have an eye for tooling?"

"A Padeloup, I notice," replied the other easily, as he replaced the treasure, handling it with delicate care. "What delightful books you have here! One like myself may well envy your quiet study."

The Rector was not surprised at the words, which were only such as might be dictated by the customary politeness of that day; but the tone in which they were spoken struck him as one of real regret.

"Ah! The Bees," murmured Hawley with increasing delight, as his eye wandered along the shelf, "a masterpiece by de Thou; you are indeed fortunate."

Parson Mayfield was beside himself with pleasure, for living a mile or more from the high road, it was but seldom that he had the opportunity of airing his hobbies in such a palatable company.

For the best part of an hour they wandered among the books, the Rector beaming, the stranger intelligent and interested.

"Are you also an Oxford man, sir?" questioned Parson Mayfield.

"She did her best for me," laughed Hawley; "but the statutes and I were hardly at one on some points; and though we parted the best of friends, it was before I had time—" he ceased significantly, and his companion nodded in sympathy.

"Dear," was the answer. "Still a bachelor's degree is not everything. A useful life is far better than academic laurels."

The other smiled strangely, with a slight yet not discourteous movement of the shoulders.

"My classics are a little rusty, Mr. Rector, I still thumb my Eclogues when occasion offers. Life in town though affords such occasion only rarely."

"Ah! London is a wonderful city, sir. I have not been there in twenty years. Is His Majesty well?"

Then they fell to speaking of the Court life, of the national policy, of the late Earl Chatham, and many things of the great world, whereof the Rector knew but by hearsay.

This fascinating stranger had all the gossip at his finger-end, and related the last escapade of the Prince of Wales with vast humor.

Nor did he display ill-bred astonishment when his listener asked him questions of old and well-nigh forgotten personages, as whether Mr. Garrick were still playing, or how Dr. Johnson did, forgetting that the wheels of time had moved onward since young Master Mayfield, new to his fellowship at the College of St. Mary Magdalene, mixed somewhat in the whirl of worldly pleasures.

Mr. Hawley could also adapt himself to his company with wondrous ease. He spoke with a sigh of the late Mr. Whitefield at the Tabernacle in Moorfields, as admiring the preacher but deploring his secession.

"From all heresy and schism," murmured Parson Mayfield, more and more enraptured with his guest. "It takes ten years from a man's life to hear you, sir, talk. It calls to my mind countless old memories of the outer world long laid asleep. I have but these, sir," he continued, waving his hand toward the shelves, "to keep me company these long winter nights—but these and my faith."

Mr. Hawley bowed. "But business for busy men," he said, resting his chin on his hand, as he stood by the the oaken mantelpiece and gazed fixedly at the sconces flaring on the table.

"The world's a sorry place, sir, to those who know it well enough to fathom its shortcoming. But I detain you, and I apologize for it; your intercourse has made the moments pass so rapidly, and I see our sermon but half finished."

He peered over at the manuscript lying beneath the candles. The Rector's handwriting was small but distinct, and the heading of his discourse plain to a keen-witted man at six feet away.

"Ah!" said the visitor, "a thousand excuses for my remark, but your text moves me to questions. At Christmas-time, too! 'He fell among thieves.' A sad misfortune, truly, yet scarce meet, as I hold, for the season of wassail and goodwill. 'He fell among thieves,'" he repeated to himself softly, and smiled again the same curious quiet smile.

Parson Mayfield was fury and wrath in an instant at the reminiscence.

"I wrote that at white heat, sir," he cried. "A rascal—my glebe rent, sir—thirty good guineas and more, without so much as a thank you!"

Mr. Hawley put out a soothing hand with admirably delicacy.

"I fear that I have revived some unpleasant incident; the allusion was a personal one. How sad!"

"Aye, and he rode such a horse, too," the Rector broke in. "I could see that, though it was as dark as a crypt. For I have an eye for a horse, Mr. Hawley. I am always partial to a bay with a white blaze and stocking or two."

"How well you remember the points," said Hawley.

"Remember, sir? Remember?" said the Rector, again growing angry. "Why, the affair happened not two hours since."

"You don't say so," said Hawley. "Why, I dare wager your knight of the road was on the look-out for Lord Teddington. I will hasten to warn him when I return to the inn. How the time has slipped by! But I really must leave you now to your sermon."

"Not yet, sir," the Rector answered. "How remiss of me not to have offered you any refreshment! You will take a glass of wine with me? Yes, I insist."

"Well, I confess," said Hawley, "that your hospitality will give me the greatest pleasure. It is a duty, too, that we owe the University to honor its traditions."

"An excellent doctrine," the Rector replied, unlocking a drawer in the bureau. "An admirable doctrine, in moderation. Faith, I think you might help me with my sermon. You must excuse me one moment; I am my own butler."

He took a key from the drawer, and one of the candlesticks from the table, and left the study.

In the brick-paved passage on his way to the kitchens and cellar staircase his foot struck against something soft. It reminded him of a scrap of needlework, and he suspected his housekeeper of having left it lying about.

He was always pleased to find any charge against the somewhat despotic womenkind of his household, so he picked it up.

It was a piece of black silk about six inches long and half as broad, with a bit of scarlet ribbon at either end.

He paused, examining it curiously, and wondering what use on earth it could be. Its aimlessness amused him a little, and he was composing one or two cutting sentences on the folly of women in general to fire at Mrs. Goodall as he handed it to her, when the candlelight, as he dangled the mystery by one string, fell through two small round holes almost in the centre of the thing.

Then Parson Mayfield knew in a twinkling. It was a highwayman's mask.

He stood for a second or two by the kitchen door thinking. From within he heard the voice of his manservant talking to his housekeeper and the maids—

"Oi tell 'ee," he was saying, "Muster Mannill 'asner a foiner 'oss in 'is steeble nor this 'eer boy."

"Do you mean the horse the gentleman who is in the study rode this afternoon?" said the Rector entering.

The man stood up, and replied that he referred to the stranger's horse. When asked, he went on to say that the stranger's horse was a bay with three white stockings, and that there was no finer horse in the county—leastways, he had never——. But the parson cut him short.

"Betty," he said, turning to the housekeeper, "I want a tray and two glasses taken to the study, and I want the cradle."

A minute later Parson Mayfield came back to the kitchen with a bottle lying in the cradle.

"You have taken the glasses to the study?" he asked. "Now a corkscrew, please. Simon," he went on, "saddle the gentleman's horse at once and lead him to the yard gate. Tie him to it; then come back and wait here."

He walked slowly back to the study, carrying the wine carefully.

"This port, sir," he said, screwing in the corkscrew with great care, "this wine, Mr. Hawley, was bottled by my father in '57—the year they shot poor Byng. And Jove sir"—he went on, attempting to draw it—"they knew how to flog corks in the fifties. I fear I may break this one. Might I ask you, Mr. Hawley? You are young."

Hawley took the bottle carefully.

"I must put back the cellar key," said the parson, opening a drawer of the bureau.

"This is a stiff one," said Hawley, tugging at the corkscrew. "Still, it comes."

He looked up triumphantly with the bottle in one hand and the corkscrew in the other. Exactly six inches off his face he saw the muzzle end of a pistol.

"If you stir a hand I will shoot you dead," said Parson Mayfield very distinctly and with great dignity.

I do not think George Hawley knew what fear was; he did not move, because he was simply overwhelmed with surprise. The man was never so taken aback before. For fully half a minute they stood thus. Parson Mayfield's hand never shook a hair's breadth. Then all at once Hawley burst out laughing. He was absolutely himself again when he spoke.

"Mr. Parson, when you said you were a judge of horses, I had no idea that you knew anything of hounds, no notion that you had such a nose on the line of a fox. 'Gad! you trapped me fairly, and I'll warrant the scent did not lie over well. You hold all the cards.

"Your manner too is really quite admirable. You are determination itself, and this is just a case for determination. I owe nearly all my success as a highwayman to my manner. The careers of a number of honest highwaymen have been spoilt by bluster."

"Where are your pistols?" said the Rector, interrupting him.

"They are in the inside breast pocket of my coat—the left one," said Hawley.

The Rector with his left hand unbuttoned the top of the riding coat, and drew out a double-barrelled horse pistol, and another of a much smaller pattern; these he laid on the chimney-piece.

"Will you give me your word," he said, "as a gentleman, that these are your only firearms?"

"Yes, I give you my word as a gentleman," said the highwayman.

"Then lay that bottle carefully in the cradle. Do not disturb the crust," said the Rector, lowering his pistol for the first time.

Hawley did as told, quite meekly and, as it were, with a sense of the humor of the thing. Parson Mayfield's eye never left him for an instant.

"Now," he went on, "will you be so good as to restore my property to me?"

Hawley searched an inner pocket. As he did so the Rector's eye caught a glimpse of scarlet beneath the big lapelled riding coat, at sight of which he smiled a little.

"Count it," said the Rector in what he hoped was a very stern manner as Hawley laid the little canvas bag on the table.

Hawley untied the bag and poured the contents out, a pile of gold guineas. These he counted quickly, as one would who had played at Almack's often till the thin streaks of daylight stole through the shuttered windows and fell across the tables.

"Thirty-two, four, six, seven," he paused; then he ran on, until he came to the, "Forty-eight, fifty-two, four, six, eight. Here are sixty guineas, Mr. Parson," he said, smiling; "will you add the remainder to your charities? It is cold weather for some, and you will know how to apply it. Add it to your Parish Benefactions. 'Scarlet's Charity'—faith, I like the phrase. 'The interest of twenty-four pounds three shillings for clothing poor children at Christmastide, for ever.' My mother should have heard that; it would have pleased her. She always destined me for a bishopric." He spoke quite seriously.

Parson Mayfield's face softened. He unlocked his pistol, and laid it beside Hawley's on the chimney piece.

"This distresses me more than I can say," he said. "High play, I suppose."

"Yes, play for the most part," Hawley answered. "Play and luck. But I am quite hopeless—do not speak. Are you going to give me up?"

"Not this time friend," said the parson, "but next, remember. You must quit this house now though, sir. At the yard gate you will find your horse."

Hawley picked up his hat and hunting crop from the chair where they lay. The Rector, with Hawley's pistols in his hand, followed him out of the room.

As they crossed the entrance hall to the door Parson Mayfield, almost as though to invite criticism on his old sporting prints hanging there, paused for a second or two to examine a rare etching—an undoubted Ghuraerts. Hawley turned round and faced him.

"In all my life," he said, smiling, "I was never so insulted. You show no fright whatever. Have you no fear? Do you know that with the butt of this crop, which is loaded, I could brain you where you stand as quick as look at you? Yet you do not even appear distressed."

Parson Mayfield handed him his pistols for answer, and opened the door. Outside it had ceased raining and the night was clear. The moon was just rising, a great cold crescent, between the black cedars on the upper lawn.

"You gave me your word," said the Rector, smiling.

"Your faith astonishes me," the other answered. Do you know what my word is worth? Why, my introduction to you was obtained on false pretences; it did not suit my plan to stable my horse at the 'Green Man,' so I came here. But I must keep you no longer from your sermon. Thanks for many things—for a delightful conversation, for my pistols, for your faith in me. I wish I might—ah, but I am quite hopeless. Good-night! To the left, I think? Thank you!" He raised his hat and was gone.

Parson Mayfield never finished that particular sermon. But the new one he preached, with "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" for text, on the following Christmas morning, was quite a notable success; in four years' time it was almost as great a favorite as the old one.

Coming out of the vestry that morning Parson Mayfield overtook the Hall party. Miss Betty Sutton, who was spending Christmas with her cousins at Daleburv, and who was an especial favorite of the Rector, had brought the news of her uncle, Lord Teddington's, adventure with the notorious "Captain Scarlet."

On the evening of the 22nd his lordship's coach had been stopped and robbed. "Captain Scarlet," she vowed, was a vastly interesting highwayman.

"You need not look so distressed, Mr. Mayfield," she went on. "You know that the Teddingtons never have a penny. But I am sorry for the fascinating 'Captain,' because my Aunt Sophia's largest diamond pendant is paste."

"I am sorry for him too," said the Rector.

PESTS IN BARBADOES.

IF there be anywhere upon earth, says a writer from that island, a paradise for the animal kingdom—carefully excluding the human race and the whole family of the beasts of burden—it should be found in Barbadoes. Into this terrestrial paradise man has introduced one devil very worthy of the name—the mongoose.

In Jamaica and Martinique he was of some use in killing venomous snakes; but in Barbadoes there never were any venomous snakes to kill, and only one very rare variety of the harmless kind. So, as the negro is fond of keeping fowls, and the mongoose of eating their eggs and chickens, it would seem a pity to have allowed him to land.

One would have thought that, with every man's hand against him in an island with a population of about eleven hundred to the square mile, he would have been exterminated long ago; but he has certainly not been.

A pair of very fine ones prowled about in our back garden for a while, till we set a trap with an egg for bait, and in an hour had the female secured. She was very angry—not in the least terrified, but simply furious.

She ate the egg in the trap while we looked on, and spat and snarled like an angry cat, every hair on her back bristling with rage. We admired her pluck, and released her. She and her mate took the hint, and were seen no more.

Probably the mongoose lives chiefly on the green lizards which swarm on every tree, and which certainly have the hardest life of any creatures in Barbadoes, since their flesh is so delicate that everything eats them which can catch them.

Cats, fowls, birds, monkeys, and snakes, all devour the poor lizards, which have only two methods of defending themselves, both very inadequate for the purpose.

One is their power of changing their color, whereby they can appear bright green at one moment on the leaf of an aloe, and then dark chocolate brown on a piece of damp earth. If this does not conceal them from their enemy, they drop their tails.

The caudal appendage jumps from the ground, and makes a frantic dance all by itself, and if the pursuer is deluded into seizing it, the lizard avails itself of the chance to escape and grow another tail.

But we are bound to confess that we have never yet seen a quadruped taken in by the artifice, though it may deceive a bird now and then.

For the rest, the poor lizards are harmless things, with pathetic eyes, in which lurks an expression of weariness and disillusion, as though they were as old as the world itself, and had found it all vanity and vexation of spirit.

They are fond of plaintive music, and will enter at the open windows when a piano is playing, and sit listening, and nodding their queer flat heads, and looking out of those wistful eyes at the player, till he, or she, if of an imaginative temperament, might fancy he was playing to an audience of transmigrated souls.

The mongoose loves the rat—that is to say, he generally eats him; though hybrids between the two animals are not unknown. Into whatever hole the rat can go, the mongoose can follow, so that the poor rats are driven to take refuge in the trees and become aborescent animals.

They eke out a precarious existence on the eggs and young birds which are foolish enough to build their nests in trees whose trunks are undefended by thorns. While the pair of mongooses lived in our back garden, we found there one day an unfortunate rat, which had taken refuge in the hollow stem of an old Spanish bayonet. He was very gaunt and starved, so had probably been hiding there for some days.

It would be as much as any mongoose's or rat's life was worth to enter one of the great holes which, like a rabbit warren, honeycomb the sand under the tamarind trees by the sea.

For there live the great land crabs in endless variety, from the old brown warrior with a claw six inches long and as large as his whole body, which claw he uses as a defence for his home, by placing his wife in safety at the bottom of his burrow, and then sitting just inside the mouth of the hole, with this powerful pair of pincers filling the opening; down to the little scarlet foragers which scamper about among the dead leaves, like living pieces of cloth from a soldier's tunic; or the hermit-crabs, which appear to spend their lives in looking for better shells than those they occupy, and never refuse an offer of a larger and more roomy habitation, wherein they show themselves singularly undeserving their name of Cenobite Diogenes.

Your land-crab is a carnivorous animal, and a cannibal in all senses of the word. If you shoot him from a window with an air-gun, you may see his comrades eat him there and then.

The road to Charles' Fort, in the garrison, runs for some distance along the hedge bounding the military cemetery.

On a dark and rainy night the field-officer on duty on his way to turn out the fort guard hears on all sides of him uncanny noises of rattling claws and scurrying feet, and knows the crabs are at work!

It really requires nerve, or rather the absence of nerves, and the sense of security imparted by the wearing of jack-boots, to face the perilous passage in the wet season. If the crab eats man, the negro eats him.

The approved method for his capture is to sally forth on a dark night after heavy rain with a sack and a lantern.

To this equipment the negro adds a stick, but we prefer a landing net. Walking slowly through the wet grass, one observes a great claw, and a pair of goggle eyes staring in a bewildered manner at the light.

While he is dazzled is the time to secure him. If you give him time to recover his wits, he will be into a hole or up a tree. A grim and awesome sight is one of these uncanny monsters climbing a tree by the fitful light of a lantern.

When the sack is heavy with a crawling, fighting mass, it is emptied into a cask, with the top removed, as the bulging sides are beyond the scaling powers of even a crab.

The negro cooks and eats him forthwith, not being squeamish. The white man prefers to feed his captives for a fortnight or so on corn meal, after which he makes soup of them.

The flavor is said to be excellent, but of this we cannot speak from personal experience. Many strange things have we eaten in the West Indies, but we draw the line at carnivorous land crabs.

SPARROW AND RHINOCEROS.

It is not easy to astonish a sparrow. You can scare them—"often scared as oft return, a pert, voracious kind"—and make them fly away; but that is only because the sparrow has the bump of self-preservation very prominently developed, and takes a hint as to personal danger with extraordinary promptitude.

But though it may remove its small body out of harm's way for the time being it is not disconcerted. You can see that by the way in which it immediately goes on with its toilet. Its nerves have not been shaken, that is evident from its obvious self possession, and the way it scratches its head and makes a note of the fly which went by.

It would not commence at once a frivolous altercation with another of its kind if it had been disconcerted. And really, it is not to be wondered at that the sparrow should be beyond the reach of astonishment.

Think of what it sees, and sees quite unconcernedly, in the streets of a great city. Put a tiger in Broadway, and the poor beast would go crazy with terror. A single omnibus would stampede a troop of lions. Yet a sparrow surveys the approaching fire engine undismayed.

The small bird's life is, in fact, so made up of surprises that it regards the astounding as commonplace. So a fly, sitting down in a train, thinks nothing of finding itself in the next county when it gets up. Its whole existence is volcanic and seismic. It cannot settle on a hand without the hand moving.

What would a dog think if, on going into a ten acre field, the field suddenly turned over? But the fly is not put out of countenance by such "phenomena." It comes back to the hand again. It is the same with the sparrow. It thinks no more of another wonder than the Seven Champions did of an extra dragon in the day's work.

All the same, I have seen a sparrow totally confounded and all to pieces. It was, I confess, only a young one, with just the promise of a tail, nothing more; and some odds and ends of fluff still clinging between the red feathers.

I was looking at a rhinoceros, which was lying down close to the railings, and a very sleepy rhinoceros it was. Except for slight twitches of the tail and an occasional fidget of the ears, it was quite motionless.

And the young sparrow hopping about in the enclosure, coming to the beast, hopped on to it, looking in the chinks of its skin for chance grains or insects.

And it hopped all along its back on to its head (the rhinoceros winked), and along its head on to the little horn, and from the little horn on to the big one (and it blinked), and then off the horn on to its nose.

And then the rhinoceros snorted. The sparrow was a sight to see. Exploded is no word for it. And it sat all in a heap on the corner of the house, and chirped the mournfullest chirps.

"I hadn't the smallest notion the thing was alive," it said. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and it wouldn't be pacified for a long time. Its astonishment had been severe and had got "into the system."

I remembered the story of the boy who sat on the whale's blow-hole. Behemoth had got stranded on the Shetland coast. While the population were admiring it, an urchin climbed on to the head of the distressful monster, and exultantly seated his graceless person on its forehead.

He had but a short time to enjoy his triumph, and the next instant the whale, filling itself with air, blew such a blast through its blow-hole that the boy was blown up into the air and out to sea.

So said the veracious chronicler of the day—and I hope it was true, for little boys should not, under any circumstances, sit on the blow-holes of whales. Nor young sparrows on the nostrils of a rhinoceros.

ROBINSON: "Did you hear about Travers? He went fishing the other day, and an hour afterwards his hat was seen floating down the stream just below where he'd been." Jagway: "You don't say. Heavens! where was Travers?" Robinson: "He was trying to fish it out with his pole.

Scientific and Useful.

CARRIAGE LAMPS.—The Emperor of Germany is said to have adopted the electric light for the better navigation of his private carriage. The lamps are to be placed at the end of the pole, on the collars of the horses, and at the sides and rear of the carriage, and it is calculated that the effect of this will be to flood the road with a bright light.

A SOCIABLE CYCLE.—The tandem cycle does not permit of the travelers sitting side by side and talking tete-a-tete, in a sociable fashion, hence a maker has introduced a bicycle with two seats abreast, two sets of driving pedals, and two steering handles; the hind wheel is thus actuated by two separate chains. A difference in weight between the two travelers only causes a certain list of the machine to one side. The start is made by one passenger getting into the saddle while the machine is at rest, and the other mounting when holding it vertical and putting it in motion. The descent from the bicycle is effected in the same way, but in inverse order—that is to say, one gets off while the machine is going and holds it upright until the other descends.

VENTILATING ROOMS.—An ingenious and effective appliance to be attached to hinged windows has been invented, for the purpose of ventilating rooms with casement windows, especially sick rooms, hospitals, schools, or any other place where an abundance of pure air without draught is absolutely essential. This apparatus, which is attached to windows hinged to the frame, commonly known as "French casements," consists of a wooden skeleton framework, projecting vertically at the side of the window frame opposite to the hinges, and has at the top and bottom triangular frames extending to the hinged side of the sash frame. The skeleton frame is filled in with perforated metal, wire gauze, or any other porous weather proof material, and may project either outwards or inwards, according to the direction in which the window opens. The amount of ventilation may be further regulated by means of a sliding shutter or a blind, which may be adjusted as required to either cover or expose the perforations.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—When weeds are plowed in the farmer is repaid for his labor in the green food that is turned under, but the destruction of weeds must be done before they produce seed, or they will be plentiful the next season.

PLOWING.—The gain from fall plowing is that the naked surface is easily made into a mellow seed bed by cultivation, if the winter has proved just right; but this gain is often offset by loss great a loss of fertility to make it generally profitable. It is far better if that field is covered by a protecting sod.

CLEARINGS.—After clearing the plow land of its more than useful trees and stumps, everything burned, the ashes carefully saved and spread on grass lands, or wherever they are wanted most, the wood lot offers another field of operation, tree tops, brush piles, decaying portions of logs and stumps that form in many places a perfect jungle, a breeding place for and harbor of all kinds of animal and insect life that prey upon the field, the orchard and hen roost of the farmer, can be burned. The ashes pay well for all the labor, in most cases. Such a lot offers good pasture for cattle and sheep. All helps to increase the resources of the farm, and to clear up and beautify the home.

TREES.—It often happens that fruit on large trees is worthless, and it becomes an important object to change the top by grafting or budding it with some better variety. In this case, instead of cutting off large branches and grafting them at once, it is better to prune the top in part, which will cause the emission of vigorous shoots. These are then budded or grafted with ease and success. And, as the grafts gradually extend by growth, the remainder of the top may, by successive excisions, be entirely removed. Where trees are not too old, and the ground is kept cultivated, good-sized trees are thus obtained much sooner than by setting out young ones.

IT IS WELL TO GET CLEAR OF A COLD the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3 1896

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Of Integrity.

There is no trait of character which is so generally admired as that which is comprehended in the term integrity or soundness. Among boys it is cultivated under the expression "honor bright," and he who tarnishes his honor after giving it as a security earns the contempt of his fellows. The highest word of praise that is found among the unlettered is that a man is "straight"—by which is meant that he will do as he says and abide by his word without having a sinister motive.

But the question rises whether this quality is being fostered and strengthened by the present conditions of life, or whether the pressure and pace of the times have a tendency to undermine our national character for straightforwardness and candor.

The chief aim of existence is to obtain wealth, and the industrial system has so developed that almost the only means of gaining wealth is by first possessing wealth, for never was the saying a truer one than now, that "money gets money."

This, then, being the "rage" of the day, it must influence deeply the society which is swayed by it; and, on closer examination, it will be seen that this fierce competition in every sphere of life seems to place a premium upon cunning, evasion, prevarication and downright dishonesty, while, for the most part, candor, strict rectitude of expression, and honesty fall to a discount in the tortuous ways of business and the fight for a living.

Let us take examples from a few callings. It is to be deplored that it matters little where we begin or end; the highest and lowest are subject to the dubious effects of competition at high pressure. Would-be members of Congress compete for votes, and so keen is the rivalry that the contests must often end with an uneasy consciousness on the part of both victor and vanquished that success has been placed above strict honor.

The struggle for existence is exacting among the constituents as well, and candidates, recognising this, pander to the universal desire to relieve the stress of life. He therefore who promises most, who plays on the fears and hopes with greatest skill, who is least scrupulous in specious arguments and the putting of false colors upon facts, often appears to have the best chance of success.

Consider, again, the working man, whose muscles and health are his chief sources of wealth. Low prices and small profits, following upon the keen competition in every branch of business, compel the master sometimes to make demands which cannot honestly be met without that feeling of oppression which must have a deteriorating effect upon a man's sense of dignity and individuality.

The workman is sometimes aware that it is not so much good honest work that is required of him as quantity of turn-out with an appearance of genuineness about it. Not that which is best, but that which will most readily sell and so bring the quickest profit, is what is often demanded from man by master.

Take the young people in shops—are they able to cultivate perfect honesty in their occupations? Do their interests lie in that direction? What is meant by a "capital salesman" and a "shrewd person behind the counter?" Not those who simply show the thing asked for or declare they have not got the thing required without further parley, but those who, under the master or mistress's eye, will not allow a customer to leave the shop without having bought something—those whose apparent earnestness and solicitation to sell hold the customer until something is purchased, perhaps by reason of a speciously-presented bargain, as well as because of human weakness for novelties and the inability to resist the persuasions of so earnest and obliging an assistant. Then an assistant must not candidly point out or acknowledge the inferior quality of materials which are made to sell instead of to wear, but must rather cultivate the fluent and persuasive tongue that does not adhere too scrupulously to facts.

In the work-rooms those who conscientiously put their best work into their daily duties must necessarily be slower in accomplishment compared with those who can scamp the hidden parts and put a fair appearance upon that which strikes the eye. So the conscientious workman and workwoman are tempted to swallow their scruples and hasten to turn out goods that can be sold at the least possible price to reap a profit and draw customers from more expensive establishments. The servant's truthfulness is impaired in conveying the white lie. Transparent candor would mean ruin to the speculators of the Stock Exchange.

In the professions there are to be found the strongest inducements to hide convictions and consider what is strangely termed the "main thing." A lawyer's income depends to a large extent upon the intricacies and subtleties of the law, so that simplification, the road to integrity, runs counter to his interests; while the advocate's work is either to heighten the color of facts and attribute unworthy motives to honest deeds, or to gloss over disreputable actions with a false veneer which sometimes makes them appear almost attractive.

Even the most honorable of the professions—that of the physician—may also be affected by this bane of fierce competition. From the "fee" point of view it is not expedient to emphasize too strongly that Nature is the great restorer, the physician being able to do little more than suggest the most favorable conditions for her work. It can hardly be expected that doctors will discount their own services when their interest lies in the retention of whims and prejudices and in the continuation of the medicine myth.

So on all sides, as the world wags at present, our worldly interests and apparent success appear to depend in no small degree upon what are thought trifling departures from truth; and never was more felt among the competitors for wealth the advisability of taking advantage of the misfortunes and ignorance of others.

We frequently hear it asserted that our dominant traits of character become permanently impressed upon the lineaments of the face. It is explained that the motive which most powerfully possesses the mind is accompanied by a set and definite expression, which ultimately develops into the usual or natural one, and thus becomes stamped upon the features.

If such is the case, there would arise considerable differences in the general expression of those living under conditions where alertness and subtlety favor success, as compared with others whose circumstances allow them to behave with generosity and magnanimity towards their fellows.

The keen business person, whose eye is always on the main chance, must naturally wear an expression in contrast to that of one whose aspirations are higher, or who can afford to contemplate the world with a mind undisturbed by the anxieties of getting a living. Is it this which partly constitutes the tone and manner implied in the term "aristocratic"—the dignity which tells of a feeling of superiority to circumstances?

In these remarks, which go to show that the "trail of the serpent is seen over all," it is not intended to imply that all must necessarily be tainted who enter the arena of competition for wealth or a living. They show how this fierce rivalry tends to demoralize, and indicate that success in a worldly sense is often regarded as following rather the tortuous paths of scheming, deluding, and "sharp practice," than the straight road of strict integrity. But there are many who have not "bowed the knee to Baal;" and it is encouraging to the conscientious about to enter the arena of life's battle to note that, notwithstanding the strong drift that we have indicated, some of the most soundly-prosperous of business firms are those that have not in any way fallen below their deal of integrity. Some of our leading business people insist on taking back, and that without a word of questioning, any of their material that may be found fault with by a customer. After all, confidence is the sure foundation of business, and it can only rest on integrity.

THE value of every opportunity depends entirely upon our ability to profit by it. This ability is not wholly within our power to control. We are limited in time, in strength, in native energy, in mental power, in talent, in taste, and in many other directions. These are our internal limitations, and it is well to recognize them, not for discouragement, but to prevent disappointment at the inevitable. Some of these we can overcome, some we must accept, and regulate our lives accordingly.

IT is a rare and valuable power to discover any one's capabilities, and a still rarer one to minister to them in such a way as to develop them to the utmost. To know where to bestow and where to withhold, to know when to give and when to cease from giving, is an attainment which will multiply tenfold the good which the rich and generous can accomplish through their gifts.

THERE is no other such enemy to noble living and heroic achievement as worrying. But if we meet the hindrances and discouragements with undismayed courage, with persistent resolve, and with unconquerable energy, we shall master them, and, in mastering them, carve royalty of character and worth for ourselves.

THE pictures that flit through our brain may be pure and innocent or they may not, they may elevate or they may degrade us, but they are largely preparing the way for future courses of action—not by any deliberate intention, but by the force of frequent repetition.

JOY is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad measure" is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerily for his song.

SUFFERING is not the worst thing in the world; the worst thing is disobedience to right. Happiness is not the best thing in the world; character is the best thing.

A MAN'S own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M.—Alexander of Macedonia has no claims to greatness compare with those of Cæsar. Alexander was only a successful military leader. Cæsar would have been great if he had never fought a battle.

L. H.—Most of the meerschaum comes from Asia Minor, near the town of Konieh, where it is dug from the earth. It is sent to other countries either in rough blocks or in partly shaped pipe-bowls, which are afterwards finished by workmen skilled in the business. A large number are made in Vienna and Pesth.

RIGHT.—The history of crests must be studied in a book of rudiments of heraldry, each crest having probably some history attached to it; and though crests were formerly changeable at pleasure, they have long ceased to be so, and now serve to mark the particular branch of a family. Hence they are not adopted to suit any idle fancy. The phœnix is a type of renovation of Nature after the Flood. With the same intent moderns use it to typify the reconstruction of buildings after the original ones had been destroyed by fire.

TOM M.—Fontainebleau, a town of France, is situated thirty five miles south south-east of Paris, in the midst of the forest to which it gives its name. It owes its chief celebrity to its royal chateau, a magnificent pile of various kinds of architecture, which has been the residence of several monarchs, and the scene of many historical events. Napoleon, who had signed there his abdication (April 11, 1814), bade farewell on the 20th to his old guard at the principal entrance of the palace, and he signed his second and final abdication there on June 22, 1815. The forest of Fontainebleau (area 41,000 acres), is one of the finest in France, and is adorned with statues, temples, lakes, waterfalls, and fountains.

W. T.—Early rising is the natural habit of life, as indicated by the light of day. It is difficult to carry out the principle in its entirety in a great city; but, beyond question, the earlier a man rises, and consequently the earlier he goes to bed, provided he misses nothing important in the way of business or rational entertainment by retiring, the better will be his general health. It would not be easy to collect any trustworthy statistics on the subject of early rising, but we are persuaded that, if evidence of this description were available, it would go to show that the natural habit tends to good health, and therefore, other things being equal, to long life, always provided that the feat of rising betimes can be performed without any great irritation or violent effort.

CONSERVATIVE.—There is a heavy burden of sadness in your question, "What can a man who is nearly seventy do except think and hope to live again?" Not that seventy years of existence must necessarily exhaust a man's vitality. Age is an individual experience, and the variation is astonishing great. Here and there one may find an almost unscarred veteran as much alive at ninety as most of his fellows are at seventy. In the rural districts, where life is hard and the weather numbs the most stalwart, a man will be bowed and broken at sixty-five—at least ten years earlier than if he had lived indoors during the biting seasons and had not suffered privations. Seventy certainly ought not to be an age at which hope of genuine enjoyment is surrendered; a right ordering of life hygienically should prevent that, except in instances of lifelong physical frailty. Though you begin to think of yourself as growing old, permit us to say that we detect in you very loud contradictions of your fears. The very fact that you are asking us to recommend books on subjects that require vigorous and fresh thought shows that you are far from the torpor of age. Real old age does not want to think; it has hardly sufficient vitality left to desire fresh life.

W. C. F.—You say, as it is generally believed that the world was subjected to a universal deluge utterly destroying all the inhabitants thereof, with the exception of Noah and the inmates of the ark, how came it to pass that when the continent of America was discovered by Columbus it was found to be peopled? We see nothing in that fact to disturb the Mosaic account of the Deluge, even though no fossil remains of man have yet been discovered; though the millions upon millions of human beings supposed to have perished must have left some remains behind them. Philosophy however has explained the mystery; and we must refer you to the works of such men as Dr. Buckland, Hugh Miller, and others, all pious Christians. Our opinion is, that there is no very great mystery in America remaining for ages unknown to what we call the old world; for there is abundant evidence to show that at a remote period it was one vast continent, surrounded by water. The ancients had a tradition about a lost island, which they called Atalantis, whence it had been suggested our Atlantic Ocean has its name. Plato and Cicero mention it; so do several other Latin and Greek authors; and if you examine the maps of the two hemispheres, you will at once perceive that if they could be made to come together they would almost dovetail one into the other. The great mass may have been broken in twain by some tremendous convulsion of nature. Humboldt has ingeniously shown that America could readily have been colonised from Northen Asia, for the two continents are connected, see that great man's Cosmos. But beyond this we have certain and undeniable proofs that America was known to Europe centuries before its discovery by Columbus.

WHEN NEXT WE MEET.

BY E. B.

I'll list to hear
Your joyous welcome at the outer door,
The many pleasant things you have in store,
The eager love-words you will quickly pour
Into mine ear.

I'll scan your face
To see the old, true love-light in your eyes,
The smile which always like a sunbeam lies,
And never wholly from my memory dies,
It has such grace.

I'll breath a prayer—
A silent prayer of gratitude to God,
That though I merit His descending rod,
And turn away for fickle fortune's nod,
We presence share.

I'll know your heart
Is mine—still mine forever and for aye!
It was not given for a little day,
And death itself can never take away;
'Twill only part.

When next we meet!
Ah, when! God grant it may be very soon,
For we are hastening toward life's noon,
And all I ask is this one precious boon—
My love to greet.

The Only Quarrel.

BY G. L. S

WHEN I was a girl my father, who was a ship's broker, lived in a far more romantic house than the pretty country rectory in which I am writing this.

Our house was one of five or six which formed a small terrace, overlooking a little flagged wharf. Trees grew before the houses, and from the windows my sisters and I watched the ships drop down the river, and the quaint barges and rafts go by.

No wheels ever broke the stillness with their rumbling. We were divided by a drawbridge from the nearest road, and that was not a thoroughfare. Sometimes wagons brought up merchandise to be transferred to the barges lying under the wharf, but we hardly heard their wheels.

The wharf was our promenade, and we were as solitary and safer than I have ever felt at any of the watering places I have visited since those days.

All round us was the bustle and hurry of the docks, but we were on an island of calm.

Not always, though. How the wind used to howl up the reach of the river. I have felt the house rock, and the trees strain and groan in the wind as I never heard any other trees do.

And how wonderful it was to look out in the night, and see the dark ships looming, and a light twinkling across the river, and to think of all the ships that lay waiting to sail, some never to come home again; and of all the ships that were sailing hither, over all the seas of the world, watched for from many a window whose light shone out over the water, and prayed for in distant inland homes.

These thoughts, intensified by a terrible storm which happened when I was a child, so impressed me, that I added of my own accord this petition to my prayers, "Pray God bless all the ships at sea, and bring them safe home."

Besides the houses in the terrace—Hermitage Terrace—there was another house, quite at the end of the wharf, with a window over-hanging the river. In a smaller town it would have been called the harbor master's house.

I believe the man who lived there was a sort of clerk of the wharf—he superintended all the lading and unlading which went on there.

He had been several voyages in his youth, but had been disabled while on a whaling expedition.

The little house had a very nautical air. A large chart hung in the parlor, and there were two stuffed peregrines in a glass case in the bow-window, and a great many curious shells and specimens of coral set out to the best advantage on every available inch of space.

I think it was this economy of space which gave the house so maritime an appearance.

What with cunning little cupboards fitting into corners, and shelves in unexpected places, and queer contrivances in the way of pegs, the room was like the cabin of a ship—only that no cabin ever contained half so many things.

I do not know when my friendship with Dan Stockbridge began. I must have been a very little girl when I first sat at his daughter Caroline's feet, listening to the wonderful stories he had to tell of icebergs, whales, hurricanes, fires at sea, and such-like.

Caroline must have been quite a young woman then, though to me she seemed so old that, when I myself was a woman, I was amazed to find her hair still brown and her face unwrinkled.

I suppose she was a little over forty when she told me the story I am going to tell you.

She was a comely woman with brown eyes and a color in her cheeks, and a quiet manner, cheerful in spite of, perhaps rather by reason of its quietness.

Sick people liked Caroline Stockbridge to nurse them—once she nursed me through some childish illness, and I have never forgotten the comfort her very presence gave me, and how cool her hand always was—so different from our housemaid's, which were hot damp hands, and knocked down everything they touched.

I was not a child when Caroline told me her story. I was a young woman, and I was engaged to your father.

It was on the last day of the old year—what an old year it seems now!—that she told me.

I had had a quarrel with your father—never mind what about—it was our first quarrel, and our last; and it was all my fault.

Your father was curate in the next parish to ours, and lived with his mother and his sister; and we—my sisters and I—had been invited to tea. Papa was busy, and could not go, but he was to come to supper.

We had arranged weeks before to see the old year out together, but the very last day but one of the year we fell out, and I said I would not go to his house, nor speak to him till he took back something he had said.

He said he would not—what he had said was true, and he would not take it back. So we parted in anger.

I was too angry to cry that night, but made up for it by crying my eyes out the next morning; and, after our early dinner, I could bear myself no longer, so I put on my shawl, and ran across to Caroline, telling my sisters, who knew something was wrong, not to wait for me.

It was a bitter day, inclined to snow. The sky was almost black, and the twilight seemed to have begun at three o'clock.

But Caroline saw that my eyes were red; and, though she said nothing, I knew that she saw.

She sat knitting by the fire. There was no other light in the room, but I could see everything in it plainly, as the fire glowed and sparkled into every corner. I looked out through the still unshuttered window, and felt the cold chill in my very heart.

"How dreary the twilight is on the river," I said, when I had listened to the clic clic of Caroline's needles till I thought I should scream.

"Are you not going to Mrs. Webster's this evening?" said Caroline, without looking up from her knitting.

"No," I said shortly.

There was a pause. Caroline's needles clicked, quickly, then slowly, then quickly again, then stopped.

"Miss Esther, I've known you ever since you were as high as my knee, and I know you won't think what I am going to say is a liberty. Is anything wrong between you and Mr. Webster?"

"Mr. Webster and I have differed about something," said I, haughtily enough, I don't doubt.

A minute before, I had felt so miserable, that I was more than half inclined to put my head on Caroline's knees and sob out the confession of my misery; but this was no more than the longing for sympathy which in most of us contends so powerfully with the lower and more animal instinct of secrecy.

I was by no means penitent—indeed I considered myself sorely aggrieved; and the relief of having spoken to someone on the subject, though it was but a word, was sufficient to bring all my anger to the surface again.

I said to myself that I did not feel at all miserable, but that I was very angry, and had a right to be angry.

"This is the last day of the old year, Miss Esther," said Caroline, presently, in those quiet tones of hers, which always made me feel soothed and reasonable in spite of myself. "They say it's unlucky for friends to let the year go out in anger."

"Oh, I am not angry," said I, very angrily. "I don't care to go to Mrs. Webster's to tea to-night, that's all."

Caroline said nothing; and presently, I, tired of looking out into the dreary twilight, and feeling the keen wind steal in at the cracks and crannies of the old window, came and sat on a low stool before the large old-fashioned fender—it was brass, and Caroline kept it as bright as gold.

To this day the sight of a brass fender recalls that evening as vividly as though it were only yesterday.

Caroline's old black cat got up from the rug, and, after a preliminary investigation of the premises, deliberately jumped up on my lap and curled herself round.

"Poor old pussie," said I, "you don't think me spiteful, do you?"

A sudden clatter of the doors and windows made me start. I was in a highly-wrought state, and could scarcely sit still a moment together.

"What a stormy night it's going to be," I said. Caroline made no reply. "My sisters will have started by now; I'll stay and have tea with you, if you'll let me, Caroline, and fancy I'm a little girl again."

Oh, dear. I'm sure I could not have cried just then, to save my life; but I had a lump in my throat which almost choked me.

Caroline's silence irritated me—I was determined to make her speak.

"How old is Spot, Caroline?"

"Past fifteen year old, Miss Esther."

"That's very old for a cat; you'll miss her when she dies, poor old pussie."

"I've had her ever since she was a little kitten. Did I ever tell you, Miss Esther, who gave her to me?"

"No," I said.

Everyone knew that Caroline Stockbridge had had a love affair in her youth, and that she had refused several good offers since. Hermitage Wharf was like any rural village in respect of gossip; but no one knew more than these bare facts.

"She was given me by a friend that I parted from in anger one New Year's Eve," said Caroline, laying down her knitting and looking into the fire. "I never told my father all about it, but I think I'll tell you, Miss Esther, if you care to hear."

"I should like to hear very much, if it won't hurt you to tell it," said I, all the excitement and passion dying out of my heart as I spoke.

Caroline's voice had in it something which people nowadays call mesmeric power—she could make one feel what she meant, without saying it.

"It doesn't hurt me, Miss Esther," she said, with a curious smile.

She never shed a tear, and her voice never faltered all through her story, she spoke in a dreamy, inward voice, as though she were speaking more to herself than to me, and she seemed to speak not of herself, but of someone whom she had once known, as she told me her life-story.

I was only twelve years old when mother died, she began, and there was five of us, two younger than I, and two older. I was the eldest girl, and I kept house for father, and did the best I could for the little ones.

Both my brothers went to sea, and my sister next to me went to service. I never left home at first, because father couldn't spare me; and then, as my sisters grew up I was engaged to Will Garland.

He was a second cousin of ours, on father's side, and when I was first engaged to him he was only just out of his time; but he was very steady, and a good seaman, and when he went his last voyage he was mate of the ship he sailed in, and had a share in her.

He'd had a little money left him too, and he had laid by a little more, and he looked forward to buying her, for her captain, who was her owner, had no children, and was talking of selling her and giving up the sea.

Will was as good-tempered a man as you could wish to see; but when he was offended he was a good while coming round.

He wasn't quick to take offence, but when he did he was a little obstinate. He'd never scold, but just look grave.

Well, we'd been keeping company near upon four years when he went his last voyage, and we were reckoning on being married when he came back.

The brig was the Flying Dutchman, an unlucky name, I always used to think, for I'd read a dreadful tale in a book about a ship by that name. But Will always laughed at me, and said there was nothing unlucky but bad seamanship.

Well, it was the beginning of December, and the Flying Dutchman was to sail on the 5th or 6th to St. John's, New Foundland, where she was bound for that voyage.

When he was on shore Will lived with a married sister in one of the little streets that run down to the river, between here and Poplar. He used to come to see me, or I go there, most evenings when he was at home.

It was one afternoon, about this time—but that was a very hard winter, and the snow was on the ground. I had been out for something, and as I passed the end of Bermuda Street, I thought I'd just look in and ask Sarah, that was Will's sister, how she did.

I daresay I thought too that I might catch a sight of Will. So I turned down the street, and the door was not fastened, so I went in without knocking.

I heard a sound like someone crying in the parlor, and I stopped for a minute, and before I knew anything I heard Will's voice saying, "There, there, my girl, trust me, and don't fret."

I didn't know that I was jealous till that minute; but when I heard will speaking so kind to some one else, a sort of madness took me, and it was like a fire in my head—just like when I had a fever once. Before I could think, I'd flung open the door.

There was Will, with a girl beside him, and he had hold of her hand, and one hand on her shoulder. I didn't say a word, but just stood and looked at them, and I could hear my breath coming and going in great gasps, and I listened to it quite stupid-like, and stared at them.

Even then I wondered to see Will look so cool, but it only enraged me more. The girl was crying so bitterly, with her head on Will's shoulder, that she hadn't heard me come in; and when Will spoke, she gave a scream, and took away her arms, and stared at me, half dazed.

"Caroline," says Will, "I never thought to see such a look as that on your face. Why, my dear, do you doubt me? This is my cousin Fanny that I've often spoken to you of."

Then I broke out.

"Cousin Fanny, indeed," says I. "You may deceive me once, Will Garland, but no one shall ever deceive me twice. Cousin Fanny, I wish you a very good evening," and I walked straight out of the house, and home.

It was snowing fast, but I never knew it till I got home, and my youngest sister cried out, "Why, Carry, you look like old Father Christmas!" I laughed and shook the snow off my cloak, and got father's tea, and talked and laughed, till father said, "One may know Will's coming to-night only by looking at Carrie's cheeks."

I felt half-mad. One minute I vowed I'd never set eyes on Will again, and the next I was ready to beg his pardon on my bended knees.

His honest face kept rising up before me, and seeming to say over and over, "My dear, do you doubt me?"

But he was kissing and hugging the girl, and she was a pretty girl—I'd had time to see that. I couldn't make up my mind what I would do.

Well, I waited and waited, and I couldn't help listening for Will's footstep—it always sounded so plain over the flags, but the snow was falling fast, and although everything was so still, I did not hear his step till he was at the door.

He looked grave, but father had something to tell him about some business they had together, and did not notice his manner.

I sat just here by the fire, in this very old chair; I had my work; but every now and then I looked at Will. Once he turned and our eyes met, and just then I remembered how Will had said once he liked blue eyes, and Fanny's were blue—I'd seen that—very pretty eyes they were, though she was crying.

And I felt my anger come back worse than ever, almost, and I got up and went away upstairs, and stayed there till I heard father calling out to me to come and bid Will good-night.

My heart jumped into my mouth. He wasn't going to stay to supper then. He wanted to get back to Fanny, no doubt. I would not have gone down, but father stood at the bottom of the stairs, calling to me, and I couldn't tell him why I didn't want to come. So I came down, and father says:

"Well, if you really can't stay and have a bite with us, I'll leave you two young folks to say good-night to each other without me to help you."

Will was standing by the table when I came in, and neither of us spoke for a minute or two. Then Will said: "Won't you even bid me good-night, Carrie?"

"Certainly, Mr. Garland," says I. "I wish you a very good night, and a very pleasant supper."

"Carrie, Carrie, I didn't think you were that jealous," says Will. "I came here to-night to tell you all about poor Fanny,

and ask you to be kind to her, but I can't tell you when you are like this."

"Of course not," says I. "I'm not good enough even to hear her name."

"Carrie," says Will, taking fire, "if you can be obstinate, so can I. I was going to explain it all, but now I won't speak a word to clear myself. If you can believe any harm of me or Fanny, you may, for me!"

"You or Fanny!" says I.

"Yes," says Will. "Me or Fanny. We are neither of us to blame; and if you wasn't so mad with jealousy you could have seen for yourself we wasn't. Why, Carrie, Fanny is like my own sister, and she's engaged."

"A likely story!" says I. "I wonder what the young man would say, if he knew what I know."

Will turned angry at that.

"He's welcome to know; and I hope, for Fanny's sake, he'd not see harm where no harm was," says he. "I never thought you'd use me so, Carrie—I never thought you could look as you looked to-night."

"It's a good thing you've found it out in time," says I. "And I never thought——"

"Stop, Carrie!" says Will very quick. "Don't go to say what you'll be sorry for afterwards!"

"Oh, Mr. Garland," says I, "I'm not afraid of losing you, if that's what you mean. You're not the only man who ever spoke civil to me, if you come to that."

I think I was mad. I was longing all the time to beg his pardon, but something made me go on saying these wicked things to him—it seemed to me as though I said them more to hurt myself than him.

Will stood looking at me so distressed that I could hardly bear it, but I wouldn't give in yet. So I says, "Don't let me detain you, Mr. Garland; I daresay you want to be going. Fanny wouldn't use you so, nor look so, I daresay."

"I'll go, if you wish it," says Will. "Perhaps it would be better. Good-night, Carrie."

I was mad to think he could go like that, and his ship sailing in three days!

"Good-night," says I. "And good-bye, too. It's a pity you should waste any more of your time coming in to say good-bye."

Will was just in the doorway; and he stopped and turned when I said that.

"Carrie! Is this really you, Carrie? My Carrie? And could you let me go like this?"

"Oh, yes," says I—though I could have bitten my tongue out while I was saying the words. "Oh, yes, quite easy, Mr. Garland, and I daresay I shouldn't break my heart if I never saw your face again!"

"Do you mean that?" says Will. "Say that twice, Carrie, and you shall never get the chance to say it the third time."

I don't know whether I should have said those cruel, false words again, or whether I should have given in, and begged Will's forgiveness; I was in that way when a straw will turn you; but just then I heard father's footstep, and I turned without another word and ran upstairs to bed.

I heard father say good-night to Will, and ask him why he didn't have his say out in the warm parlor instead of letting all the cold air into the house, and giving me my death of cold standing at the door, and I heard Will say good-night, and his footsteps getting fainter as he trod down the frozen snow, and I heard my sister come in—she had been round to a friend's, just to leave me alone with Will—and I knew she'd be surprised to find Will gone before supper.

"Oh, Caroline,' said I, as Caroline sat silently looking into the fire, "I wonder if you felt as——" and then I stopped, with my face on fire and a choking in my throat.

I don't think I did feel, Miss Esther, and that was the worst of the misery. I thought I've give all I had for a good cry, and yet not a tear came, and I wasn't what people mostly call unhappy. I was stupefied, I think.

I went down and helped my sister get supper, and when father said, "Carrie, there's something gone cross betwixt you and Will Garland, or my name ain't Jacob Stockbridge," I laughed and said we'd had a few words about something, and Will had gone off in a bit of a huff.

"You'd best make it up as soon as you can, then," says father, "for I just looked in at the Cape of Good Hope, and Ned Parker was in there, and he says the Flying Dutchman's to sail to morrow night; the orders come this afternoon."

My heart was in my mouth, and I gave a little jump, and father says: "What, are you going to-night?"

Father always would have his joke, and what with him laughing at me, and me still very angry with Will, I says:

"Oh, if he wants to make it up, he must come to me, I'm going to him," though it wasn't so late or so far but that I might have gone that very night.

I don't think I had a wink of sleep that night. All the next morning I stayed in, expecting Will every minute. I'd made up my mind to forgive him, but when it got to be noon and he hadn't come, I was that restless I could not keep still a minute.

I was determined I would not go to him. It was his place, not mine, I said to myself. But when father came in to dinner, he says to me:

"Carrie, my girl, if you don't mean to split with Will for good and all, take my advice and pop on your bonnet and shawl after dinner, and go round and say good-bye. I met him down by the dock this morning, and I asked him what was up that he was in the sulks and you like a ghost, and he says, as high as you please, 'Your daughter, Mr. Stockbridge, says she don't ever want to see my face again, and I'm not the man to force myself on any woman.'"

Would you believe it, Miss Esther? I was pleased; that showed he was hurt, and his being hurt showed he cared about me. I made sure he would come now father had told him what I'd said about that he must come to me; he'd be sure to come, and I was glad that I hadn't gone round to Sarah's, as I had had a mind to twenty times if I had once in the morning. I waited and waited till it was getting dark. I thought he wanted to frighten me, but I never doubted he'd come.

We'd had tea, and I'd gone to the door twice, thinking I heard Will's knock, but he never came. At last, at about seven o'clock I could bear myself no longer, and I put on my things and went round to Sarah's.

She was sitting at work in the parlor when I got there.

"Where's Will?" says I, in a minute or two.

"Why, don't you know?" says she. "Hasn't he said good-bye to you?"

The room swam round with me. Sarah ran and caught me, or I should have fallen on the floor.

"What on earth's the matter, Carrie?" says she. "Do you feel faint?"

"Tell me about Will," I said, when I could speak.

"Why," says Sarah, "the ship sails to-night. Will said good-bye to us when he went back to the dock after dinner; but he said he'd come up for a minute if so be as he could be spared, but he didn't think he could. The ship sails at the turn o' tide."

"And that's at seven to-night, and it's past seven," said I, bursting out crying.

"No don't take on so, Carrie, don't," say Sarah. "Maybe he'll come yet, and anyaway, he'll be back in three months."

"Oh, Sarah," says I, "we parted in anger, and I never said good-bye."

"Well, now, I thought Will was uncommon down-hearted when he went away," says Sarah. "Dear, dear! But Will never was one to bear malice long—he'll be as sorry as sorry long before he comes home—don't take on so."

I would have gone to the dock, though Sarah said we could never get aboard his ship in all the confusion; but there was the chance of his coming up home, and we didn't know which way he might come, and between the fear of missing him, and Sarah saying they would never let us on the ship at the last moment, and the dreadful fear I had that perhaps Will would not speak to me if I did go, I sat there, crying, and listening to every step that went by, till it was so late I had to go home.

But before I went, Sarah told me all about Fanny. She was Will's cousin, and more like a sister, for they had been brought up together; and Sarah told me how she was engaged to a young man who wasn't very steady; and she'd had words with him about something, and he'd gone and 'listed, and Fanny had come to beg Will to lend her the money to buy his discharge.

"Poor Fan, she was near out of her mind," says Sarah, "for the regiment's just ordered to India. Yes, and she went and paid it in this morning. He's promised he'll never touch another drop if she'll marry him, and I hope he'll settle down. I think this'll be a lesson to him. He ain't a bad sort," says Sarah. "He's a good workman at his trade, and there's no harm in him, except that the leastest drop gets in his head."

Sarah never knew what Will and me had quarrelled about. Fanny thought Will could make it all right with me in a minute, and Will thought so too, but he made her promise not to tell Sarah, because Sarah talked.

Fanny told me all this afterwards; that night, I listened to Sarah telling me about her and Will, till it seemed to me that the clock ticked so loud I couldn't hear what she said. Then the clock struck eight, and I jumped up.

"Sarah," says I, "I must go down to the dock, and try to see Will, to say good-bye. Will you come with me?"

Sarah said all she could, but I was determined, so she put on her shawl, and we set off. Sarah was a kind-hearted girl, but I couldn't tell her anything about it, only that Will and me had quarreled, and I must see him.

Well, everything went wrong that night. We were going along a street, when there was a cry of fire, and in a minute the people came crowding, and Sarah and me were wedged in so as we couldn't move; and Sarah turned faint, and if it hadn't been for a man, who helped us, and got her into a chemist's, I don't know what would have become of us.

Then when she got better, I said I'd go on alone, and I had to go a long way round; and when I got down to the wharf, where the ship sailed from, it was half-past nine, and they told me the Flying Dutchman had weighed anchor two hours ago, and was dropping down the river with that night's ebb-tide; and the man said the wind and tide were both with her, and she'd be off Gravesend by then.

The walk I had home after that was the weariest walk I ever had in my life. All sorts of wicked thoughts came into my head as I stood on the wharf.

I think the man who had spoken to me thought all wasn't right, for he says, "Young woman, you take my advice and go home. The ship's far enough by this time, and whistling won't bring her back, nor cryin' neither. You just go home, and I want to lock the gate, and go home myself."

I went then, and walked sometimes slow, and once or twice I sat down on a doorstep, and thought I'd never go home, but go to one of the places I knew of, where you could jump into the river and no one know, and let the river take me down, and perhaps Will would be standing on deck and see my face in the water, and be sorry—that was all I seemed to want, for Will to be sorry.

Then I remembered hearing some one say, drowned folks didn't float for three days, that would be too late for Will to see me. You think this sounds like foolish talk, Miss Esther, but that's what I thought. At last I got home, and crawled up to bed, and didn't get out of it for a week.

I was a little off my head part of the time, and they said I moaned, and called for Will, and every now and then I'd jump up in bed, and say, "It wouldn't break my heart if I never saw your face again!" and then I'd begin moaning and crying for Will.

But I was always strong and healthy, and by Christmas Day I was well enough to make the pudding, and help sister put up the mistletoe. What a mockery it seemed! but then father and sister liked it, and on Christmas morning I went to church, and the parson preached about peace and good-will, and forgiving each other, and I forgave Will, and prayed God that night to let Will forgive me, for it was all my fault.

I was so much happier when I could think kindly of Will, though there were times when I wondered if he would come to see me when he came home, and then I'd feel angry again, and say to myself that I'd never be the first to make it up, it was the man's place, not the woman's.

Caroline turned her head a little away, and looked straight into the fire, and did not speak for so long, that at last I said, very softly:

"Did Will come back?"

It was New Year's Eve, said Caroline, in a low solemn voice. And the wind was getting up, and howling among the trees and the chimneys, and there was thick yellow foam on the landing steps. I went out on an errand in the afternoon, and the wind was so strong I could hardly walk against it.

It was just dark when I got back, and the door was open, and try as I would I couldn't shut it, the wind took it out of my hand, and I was rather weak from having been ill. I wondered to find it open, because I knew I had shut it when I went out.

I called "father!" but no one answered. Then something made me leave the door, and come in here. The fire was piled up high, and I could see everything in the room quite plain by the firelight. In this very chair I'm sitting in now, was a man—a sailor—his head was turned away, but the minute I came in I knew who it was.

"Will!" says I, "Will!"

He never looked round, but put out his hands as a sign I shouldn't come nearer. I don't know what I thought—I didn't think anything—except that it was Will; but as he waved me off, I dropped down on that chair by the door, and there I sat.

Then, how I don't know, I began to talk, and I told Will everything—how angry I'd been at first, how I knew that he was true—how sorry and penitent I was—and above all, how I repented those wicked, wicked, false words I'd said.

"Oh, Will," I said, "I've never known a happy moment since! and I'd give anything to see your dear face once more, and hear you say you forgive me. Oh, Will let me see your face, don't turn away like that. Will, you are breaking my heart! Let me see your face, Will, and speak one word to me, for pity's sake!"

At that he got up from the chair, and then I saw he was dripping wet—the firelight showed everything so plain. And then I saw some change I had not noticed while I was talking—I don't know what it was, but I grew cold, and I couldn't breathe or stir. Then he turned slowly.

I can't tell you so much, Miss Esther; my eyes froze in my head, and I only saw a white face, and Will's dark eyes—but I knew that it was not the face of a living man.

He seemed to gather up something, and he came towards the door—it was like an icy wind in the room—and as he passed me, he stooped, and I felt an ice-cold wind on my cheek, and I fancied I heard Will's voice say, in a sort of sigh, "My Carrie," but I don't know.

I fell down in a swoon, and father came in an hour after, and found the door open, and me in a faint on the parlor-floor, and the fire was out, though the coal wasn't burnt. When I came to, father was saying the house was as cold as death.

"Yes," I said, "death has been here."

Then I told father that Will was drowned, but that he had forgiven me. Father and sister put me to bed, and tried to make me think I'd fallen asleep and dreamed it all. But I knew better than that.

I wasn't ill, though they all thought I should be. I was very weak all that winter, but not what you could call ill—only the cheek Will had kissed always felt cold.

I didn't tell Sarah and her husband at first, but when the ship began to be overdue, and no tidings, I told her would never come home.

"And did you never hear of the ship?" I asked, after a long silence.

"No," said Caroline. "She was never heard of any more."

"But I have not been unhappy," said Caroline, presently. "Will forgave me, and he knew I was sorry."

* * * * * *

I sat a little while longer, till I heard old Stockbridge coming in, and then I kissed Caroline and thanked her; and I went home, and put on my violet silk dress with the red ribbons, and went off to Mrs. Webster's.

They were in the middle of tea when I came in, and my sisters looked astonished to see me, but I only said, "I'm sorry to be so late," and no one took any more notice.

After tea, your father and I were alone for a minute, and he looked at me, and said, "Thank you for coming," and I put my hand in his; and so we made up the only quarrel we ever had. But I think my quarrel would never have been made up, if Caroline Stockbrige had not told me how she made up hers.

The Glass Knife.

BY S. U. P.

SHORTLY after the Peace of 1815 my mother had a fancy for possessing a town-house; my father, who never, within my memory, refused her anything, at once busied himself in procuring one for her.

Hitherto we had lived in Wales, and had never dreamed of any greater change than a visit to the country town for its season. In those days people seldom went to London, except on business, unless they were of the highest rank. The country towns were filled at the assize time with all the landed gentry, who enjoyed the gathering, balls, etc., and then returned to their old halls to pass the remainder of the year in quiet rural avocations, hunting and shooting.

Amongst the peasantry a great awe of

the distant city prevailed; it was looked on as an abyss of crime and subtlety—a mighty labyrinth, in which one risked disappearing for ever, and never being heard of afterwards.

This was especially the opinion of my old nurse, who violently set her face against the idea of a yearly residence in London, which she never named by any other designation than that of "Babylon."

I was then a boy of about ten years old; a dreamy child, preferring books to play; precocious from having no child-associate; and highly imaginative, probably from the wild scenery and the seclusion in which I had been reared. I loved to wander amongst the hills surrounding our dwelling, with a volume of romance in my hand, and sit for hours absorbed in the adventures of my favorite heroes.

Occasionally I would lay aside my book, and indulge in day dreams, in which I was myself the chief actor, performing impossible feats with the greatest composure, and thinking nothing of them when done. Pernicious as these time-wasting reveries generally are, I do not think them quite without their attendant good. The mind, constantly exercised in imagining difficulties, and in devising an escape from them, gains a degree of readiness in expedients, and is less likely to be surprised from its self-possession by sudden dangers or unusual events. This digression is necessary to explain my story.

To return to our desired change of abode. My father looked every morning through the advertisements of the Morning Herald (of the last date we received), and one day announced that he had found a house advertised in the previous day's paper, which appeared to be exactly that which he required.

"But," he added to my mother, "I must first go up and see it; then, if it suits, and the price is not exorbitant, you shall have it."

When old nurse heard of my father's intentions, she burst forth into lamentations about the risk he ran, declaring that it was frightfully dangerous to go to London all alone, and that she believed he would never return.

It is probable that these diatribes, being uttered in my hearing, were partly the cause of a dream which I had that night, although after events seemed to mark it with almost a prophetic character.

I dreamt that my father was in London, and that I saw him alone in a large room, bending over some papers, while a man armed with a glittering knife stole softly behind him, and was about to plunge it into the back of his neck. The knife was made of glass!

I made desperate efforts to call out and warn my father of his danger, but fruitlessly; I could not utter a sound, and I woke with the agony of my struggle with the nightmare. The next morning at breakfast I told my dream, and my father laughed at me.

"If the weapon were only a glass knife I don't think it would be very dangerous," he said; "but, George, I am not going to London alone."

"Not alone, father?" said I.

"No," he replied, "I shall take you with me; your mother thinks you require a good dentist, and it is a capital opportunity to have your teeth examined; she has no faith in Mr. Martin's successor."

I was in a state of rapture. To see London; to take such a journey; to get such a chance of adventures—for which I was as eager as Don Quixote; above all, to be a protector to my father—for such in my childish folly I believed I should be,—delighted me; I forgot my dream in my joy at such a prospect.

We started the next evening by the mail, and after a very long and tiresome journey, in which not the shadow of an adventure enlivened the long and dreary way, we entered London late in the evening of the following day.

My father took me to an hotel in the Strand, where he usually stayed whenever he visited town, and I gained my first idea of the grandeur and bustle of London from the number of carriages and hackney-coaches which I counted, without ever coming to an end, from the window.

The next day we went to the house of the person who advertised. It was a very large and handsome mansion in a then fashionable square, and my father was greatly pleased with its appearance.

Mr. Brown, the present owner, was at home, and received my father very courteously. He was a most respectable-looking old gentleman, with a grave, formal demeanor. He told my father that he was about to go to America, and that he wished to sell his house as speedily as possible, even if it went a little below its real value. He took my father over it, (I accompanying them,) and certainly it was a palatial residence in point of size, but it was badly furnished, and the household was evidently much too small to keep it in proper order and cleanliness. In one room, upstairs, we saw a little girl playing with a kitten; she was a thin, pale child, with large, dark eyes, and long hands and fingers. My father just spoke to her, but I was shy and said nothing.

After we had seen the house, my father told Mr. Brown that he would send a surveyor to look at it, and if his report were favorable, he would at once purchase it.

The next two days were spent in seeing the wonders of London. My father took me to the Tower, to see the armor and the wild beasts; to St. Paul's and to Westminster, and in the evening to the play.

I had never been so happy before; and yet when the day came on which he had to go to Mr. Brown's and pay for the house, of which the surveyor had given an excellent report, I felt so much depressed that my father asked what ailed me, and why I was so pale. I explained that I felt as if some great misfortune were going to befall us. He laughed, and said, "Don't be superstitious, my boy; you are only feeling the re-action of so much unusual excitement."

"Papa," I said, "you don't think Mr. Brown has a glass knife, do you? His room is just like the one I dreamed about."

"George," said my father, "it is a good thing for you that we are going to live in London every year for a few months; you are getting as superstitious as an old woman. I hope you are not really timid?"

"No, no," I cried, indignantly, "I am not afraid—at least, not for myself."

Soon afterwards we set out. Before we left I told the waiter where we were going; I cannot quite tell why.

On reaching Mr. Brown's house we were shown into his study, a large and very gloomy room, the window of which looked into a paved court at the back of the house. I gazed out of the window while my father was talking to Mr. Brown, and saw a grating in it raised, and a good deal of coal-dust sprinkled round it.

It seemed that there was some delay in the business; the deeds of the house and the deed of transfer, or something (I never knew what it was), were not ready, or had not arrived, and we had to wait.

"Perhaps your son would like to go and play with my little girl while we settle our business," said Mr. Brown, glancing at me.

I did not know what to say when my father appealed to me. I disliked leaving him with Mr. Brown in that dismal room, so like my dream; and yet I could not refuse to go, for I was painfully shy.

My hesitation ended in my father's desiring me to go, and Mr. Brown escorting me up one flight of stairs, and from thence pointing up, another, and bidding me go on upwards, and find Mary in her nursery.

I obeyed, and found Mary at the top of the house alone in a large garret, which was her nursery. She seemed surprised to see me, but she was a very self-possessed little girl, much older than myself in manner, though not in mind, for I soon perceived that she was very simple, almost wanting in intellect.

"Are you sorry to go away from this house?" I asked, just to make something to say to her, as she sat hugging her doll.

"Mary isn't going away," she said.

"Yes, you are," said I; "my papa has bought the house. Didn't you know it? The gentleman who came to see it with me the other day, he has bought it."

She laughed, a foolish and yet a cunning laugh, as she replied, "Oh, many gentlemen come to see the house; but nobody buys it. Papa says it shall always be Mary's house."

"How silly she is!" I thought; and then—I cannot tell what made me utter the words—I added aloud, "Has your papa got a glass knife?"

"Yes," she said, nodding repeatedly. "Mary's papa has got a sharp glass knife. Mary must not touch it; it would cut her."

It was with difficulty I kept from crying out as I heard this confirmation of my dream; I jumped up, and wishing Mary hurriedly good-bye, ran to the door. It was locked!

All my fears became certainties the moment I knew we were locked in; but I had been in too many imaginary perils to be utterly terrified and despairing. I made no noise at the door; I returned to Mary, told her I would catch her a bird, and opened the window.

Ah! what a height it was from the ground; and how the roof shelved beneath the little window ledge! An English boy's head would have turned dizzy as he looked down; but I was a mountaineer, and it was a peril I could and must dare, for the next house had a parapet, which opened only at a spring from the outer window-sill, and if I could get on it I could doubtless obtain help from the neighbors.

Little Mary sat looking with stupid wonder at me as I climbed on a chair, got out on the narrow ledge, and then sprang full on the parapet at the side. I reached it safely. A garret window stood open on it, where sat a maid, busy making a new cap; she looked out just as I alighted on the stone, and uttered a scream of alarm. I ran up to her

"Oh, pray," I cried, "let me come in, and go down below; my father is being murdered in that house."

She helped me in at once, ran down stairs with me, called a man servant, and told him what I had said. The man believed me. Who could have doubted the earnestness of my conviction? He went to his master and they both at once walked to the next door and knocked.

There was some slight delay in answering the door, and Dr. Houghton, my new friend, bade the maid, who stood trembling on the doorstep of his house, run for a constable.

By-and-by a man opened the door, and inquired sullenly what we wanted. In answer, Dr. Houghton and his man pushed past him into the passage, saying, "Where is this child's father?"

The man turned pale, and stammered out something about calling the gentleman, retreating down the passage as he spoke. I flew to the door of the back room, where I had left my father, and tried to open it, crying, "Papa! papa!" My father's voice responded from within, calling "Help! help!" and then came a dull sound as of a fall.

Dr. Houghton and his man had followed me; they at once forced open the door between them, and a horrid scene itself. On the floor lay my poor father, covered with blood; the furniture was all in disorder, and the room bore testimony to a fearful struggle having taken place. I ran to his side, and kneeled down, and called on him, in an agony of grief and fear, to speak to me, but he had lost consciousness.

Dr. Houghton and his servant lifted him on a sofa near, and the former, after feeling his pulse, pronounced him still living, and sent his servant for restoratives and bandages. Meantime several passers-by had dropped in, and the constables arrived with further succor, and they at once began a search for the murderer.

The window presented the probable egress by which the assassin had escaped from the room, but it opened into a closed-in courtyard, from which there was no visible outlet. Some one, however, shrewder than the rest, observed the scattered coal-dust, and examining the now shut grating over the coal-cellar aperture, detected the mark of blood stained fingers on it. They at once proceeded to examine the cellar, one or two jumping fearlessly down the aperture, the others descending the stairs in the regular way; and below a very singular discovery was made. In one of the cellars, which was not paved, an open grave was found—destined no doubt for the victim who had so narrowly escaped being murdered. Meantime I watched beside my father. After Dr. Houghton had bound up his wounds and administered some brandy, he opened his eyes, and spoke.

"Is that you, George? God bless you, my dear boy; you came only just in time," he said.

Dr. Houghton, seeing my father so much revived, insisted on having him removed to his own house, where, in short, he remained till his perfect recovery. As soon as he was able, he gave the following account of the outrage perpetrated on him.

"Soon after you left the room, George," he said, "Brown returned with the papers, which he begged me to look at, adding, 'Shall I make out a receipt?—do you pay at once?' I replied in the affirmative. He wrote the receipt; I gave the money, or rather a check for the money, and he begged me to examine whether I had the transfer right or not. I was just bending down, glancing at it, when a sudden gleam fell on the old mirror which you may remember faces the window, and happened to be opposite to me. I don't think I should have remarked it, if I had not been wearied by my poor boy's fears of a glass knife; as it was, with a sudden start I turned, and thus escaped receiving a stab in the back of my throat from an actual glass knife, which passed before my eyes at the moment. I seized the villain's arm instantly, but he was a strong man in spite of his apparent age. He drew the knife through my hand, cutting it with the sharp edge, but I succeeded in breaking it. Then he drew out a poignard, and the struggle began again. I fought hard for my life. There came a knock at the door, which evidently startled my antagonist; he relaxed his hold for an instant, and I disarmed him and wounded him with the poignard. Then I heard my boy's voice and shouted for help. But the effort of calling out gave my foe a momentary advantage over me; he released his arm from my grasp, and struck me heavily on the head. I fell, and remember nothing more till I saw your kind faces bending over me."

The monster who thus made of a noble dwelling a shambles was never found; he had escaped in some wonderful manner from the cellar into which he had descended—possibly by the ordinary staircase, during the confusion, before the constables arrived. His man servant had also effected his escape, and the only person found in the house was poor little Mary. She was conveyed to the workhouse till her friends or connections should be found.

The cellar in which the open grave was discovered was dug over, and two bodies were discovered beneath its damp surface; one not recognisable; the other identified as that of a gentleman who, like my father, had been in treaty for the house.

The mansion itself belonged to a gentleman who resided on the Continent, and to whom Brown was agent. He was allowed to occupy it till it should be sold, an event of not very probable occurrence, considering the use the infamous solicitor made of his trust. He never ventured to present or use in any way my father's cheque, and my mother was so shocked at the deadly peril to which her husband had been exposed, that she gave up her wish for a town-house, and the project was abandoned.

I need scarcely say how heroic, it pleased them to think, their little son had been; and there was never a gathering round the hearth, without the story of my dream, and the brave use I had made of it, being told; and amongst the legends of an old family there is certainly scarcely one stranger than that of the glass knife.

At Home and Abroad.

Dueling on bicycles is reported to be a new diversion in Spain. Two members of the Bicycle Club of Grenada recently met in a knife duel, which is probably the first encounter of the kind ever fought upon wheels. Accompanied by their seconds, they wheeled out some distance on the road to Malaga, to a secluded spot. There, posted 700 feet part, at a sign, they wheeled toward each other, each directing his machine with the left hand and brandishing in the right that terrible knife of Spain—the navaja. At the first clash, Perez pierced the left arm of Moreno, but at the third encounter Moreno thrust his knife into Perez's right breast. In a few minutes the latter died of internal hemorrhage.

Most people have a craze for collecting, and when the collection is of things of beauty or interest, nothing is more delightful than to be shown such results of careful searching. But amongst the most extraordinary of hobbies, that of collecting historic doors seems to be the least satisfactory, and certainly the most inconvenient, seeing that they must need considerable space in which to be kept. Amongst other odd fads is the collection of chairs, and the hats and bonnets of eminent people. Umbrellas too, that have been used by great persons, are eagerly sought for by some collectors, and it is said that the Prince of Wales has for years made a collection of walking-sticks, of which he has now a sufficient number to stock several shops. An instance of the fact that nothing under the sun is despised of those possessed of a collecting instinct is a collection of "watch-cocks"—a "watch-cock" is the little grating that covers the escapement of a watch. The gathering together of the labels of match-boxes, which is the pet hobby of another collector, does not seem to serve any useful purpose.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Our Young Folks.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

BY R. S. L.

DOROTHY DEANE was everybody's pet; everybody said so—and, you know, when that very important person makes a statement, it must be correct. Not that anyone would have ever thought of denying it as far as concerned little Dorothy.

To have done so would have been as absurd as to have said that the sun did not shine, and gladden everything it touched with its joyous rays. Sometimes, indeed, they called her "Little Sunshine."

Dorothy would be four years old on the morrow. There was to be a children's party in the afternoon and evening, and a gathering of "grown-ups" afterwards.

There were to be games and charades, and a little play acted by some of the children, during which a brave prince had to rescue a beautiful princess from the power of a wicked fairy, who, however, can only be frightened away by a plentiful display of red fire. As usual on such occasions, there had been great preparations for the play.

All the boys wanted to be brave princes, and all the girls beautiful princesses; and it was not until after a good deal of arranging that it was finally settled that Philip Trevor was to take the part of the prince, and Nora Stanley that of the princess.

Nora had golden hair, which was very fortunate, for princesses always had golden hair—everybody said so.

For a long time no one offered to take the part of the wicked fairy, but at last Alfred East volunteered his services, much to the delight of the brave prince, who had begun to despair of having an opportunity of producing his magic red fire.

When the important day arrived, Holly Lodge presented signs of excitement at an early hour.

To begin with, the postman brought quite a bundle of letters and packages addressed to "Miss Dorothy Deane," which, of course, Dorothy had to open all by herself.

Then there were the presents—such a heap of parcels and cardboard boxes, which had been carefully packed away in the nursery.

It took Dorothy a long time to open them all—it seemed as though Santa Claus had made a mistake, and left all his toys at Holly Lodge.

When Mrs. Deane entered the nursery, she pretended to be very much surprised. Dorothy ran towards her.

"Look, mamma dear," she cried, her little face flushed with excitement; "look at my beautiful toys and these pretty cards! I'm so glad it is my birthday."

After dinner the guests began to arrive, and before long the drawing-room became crowded with children and young folks, with little Dorothy as the centre of attraction.

The brave prince and the lovely princess were there, and might have been seen chatting confidentially to each other, for Philip had his own idea of the manner in which the princess was to be rescued at the critical moment, and it was necessary to explain it to Nora, so that that should be no mistake.

The wicked fairy, however, had not yet arrived, and for a time it seemed as though the play would have to be abandoned.

"Supposing Alfred does not come," Philip said to Mrs. Deane, "how shall we manage? No one else knows the part."

"We shall have to pretend that the wicked fairy is there," replied Mrs. Deane.

"But that will not be half so nice, will it?" said Nora.

"And everyone is looking forward so much to the red fire," added Philip, in a tone of disappointment.

"I think he will come yet," said Mrs. Deane; "no doubt his train has been delayed."

This explanation of the delay appeared to satisfy the prince and princess, who soon forgot their trouble in the excitement of the afternoon. Presently one of the children exclaimed—

"Here he is! Here's the wicked fairy!"

Dorothy had often heard about the fairies, but she thought they were always good and kind.

She looked towards the door, and perceived a boy dressed in a velvet suit with a large lace collar and a blue sash.

"Is he a fairy, mamma?" she inquired. "And is he very naughty?"

"No, dear, of course not—only in play."

"Naughty in play?" Dorothy repeated. She could not understand that at all. He looked a good little boy, in that pretty velvet suit; and when he came to kiss her and to wish her many happy returns of the day, she thought, in her own pretty baby way, that he was rather a nice little boy, and she felt sure it was all a mistake about his being "naughty in play."

Ay and by, in spite of the hearty laughter of the children and the noise caused by their games, Dorothy, quite tired out, fell fast asleep in her mother's arms, and was carried upstairs and laid upon her own bed.

It was now getting dark, and Mrs. Deane proposed that they should make haste and have tea, so as to have a long evening.

No one opposed such an excellent suggestion, and accordingly the invited guests, as well as "Sweep," the black kitten, and "Grip," the terrier—neither of whom had been invited—proceeded downstairs.

Never before had Holly Lodge witnessed such a happy party as that which now assembled at the tea tables.

Everybody seemed overflowing with mirth and happiness, and were chatting to one another and against one another, until it became almost impossible to distinguish various speakers.

But there is a lull in every storm, and so, in the midst of the tempest of happy voices, there came a lull.

It would have been of short duration had not something occurred just at that very moment and arrested the attention of everyone.

The children stared at one another in wonderment, and even Mrs. Deane seemed puzzled and unable to find an explanation of the mystery that had arisen so suddenly.

What was it? Everyone heard it, and listened again. It was very strange. Surely the house was not haunted? And yet it seemed very much like it at that moment.

Someone suggested that the brave prince should endeavor to solve the mystery the mystery; but Philip did not feel equal to the task in spite of his magic red that was to perform such wonders later in the evening.

Again and again they heard the mysterious sound—sometimes quite distinctly, at others only faintly, and Mrs. Deane at last determined to put an end to the suspense by going upstairs and making a search of the rooms.

She listened outside Dorothy's door, and was satisfied that her daughter was still sleeping soundly. She looked into the drawing-room, but no one was there. It was very strange.

The sound had ceased during the search; but as soon as Mrs Deane had gone downstairs again, it recommenced. This time, however, Mrs. Deane was sure she heard something else as well, and a smile lit up her face as she wondered why such a simple solution of the mystery had not occurred to her before.

"I think we can get to the bottom of the mystery this time," she said.

Thus assured, the children became venturesome, and followed Mrs. Deane. The drawing-room door stood open slightly, and everyone now recognised that the sound which had caused them so much wonderment proceeded from the piano.

Mrs. Deane peered through the open doorway, and there, just as she expected, was little Dorothy, standing at the open piano, with one hand running over the keyboard.

The children saw her, too, as her mother pushed open the door, and could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

Dorothy stood hesitating for a moment, and then scampered across the room and hid herself behind a big chair that had evidently concealed her before; but it was too late.

In a moment the room was full of merry children, and little Dorothy ran out from her hiding place and into the hall, only, however, to be caught in her father's arms, for Mr. Deane, arriving home at that moment, was just in time to catch the little runaway.

When he entered the room with Dorothy in his arms, at least a dozen excited children volunteered a full account of the mystery.

"It is the first time that we have had a real mystery," said Mr. Deane. "I should have liked to have made one of the search-party; you must have had some rare fun."

In due course the beautiful princess with the golden hair was rescued by the brave prince, who by means of his red fire compelled the wicked fairy to beg for mercy, and to promise that henceforth and for ever he would not return to trouble them. Everybody said it was a great success.

VISITING CARDS. — Playing cards were introduced into England, according to the best authorities, about 1463. To that date we may ascribe, says a contemporary, the initiation of the call card; for cards specially for the purpose of exchanging or leaving were not in vogue till about a hundred or so years ago, ordinary playing-cards being used for all ordinary purposes, with name or inquiries written thereon.

We have proof of this being the custom as far back as the end of the seventeenth century, or at the beginning of the eighteenth, as, some fifty years ago, when a house in Dean Street, Soho, was being repaired, on removing a marble chimney-piece in the front drawing room, four or five "visiting" cards were found, one with the name of "Isaac Newton" on it.

The names were all written on the backs of common playing-cards. The house in Dean street was the residence of Hogarth or his father-in law.

In "Marriage a la Mode" (Plate IV.), painted in 1745 by Hogarth, this celebrated picture supplies additional evidence of playing-cards having done duty as visiting cards and cards of invitation during the middle of last century.

There are several lying on the floor in the right-hand corner of the picture. One is inscribed, "Count Basset begs to no how Lady Squanner slept last nite."

In 1799 and 1800 these cards were still called "tickets;" and in St. Ronan's Well, which is said to be of the time when "the Peninsular War was at its height" (1808-1813), Lady Penfeather sends the Earl "a card for her blow-out;" though Captain Jekyl of the Guards has to introduce himself by presenting his "ticket."

DANGEROUS TREES.—There has lately been added to the collection of plants at the Botanic Gardens at Madras, India, a specimen of a strange tree.

It is in size scarcely more than a bush, but others of its species are known to have attained, in their habitat in the Himalayas, Burmah, and the Malacca Peninsula, the dimensions of a large tree, from fifty to seventy-five feet in height.

The Madras specimen is surrounded by a strong railing which bears the sign: "Dangerous—all persons are forbidden to touch the leaves or branches of this tree."

"It is, therefore, a forbidden tree in the midst of the garden, but no one is tempted to touch it, for it is known to be a burning tree."

This name is a misnomer, for the tree stings rather than burns. Beneath the leaves are stings comparable to those nettles which, when touched pierce the skin and secrete a fluid which certainly has a burning effect.

The sting leaves no outward sign, but sensation of pain persists sometimes for months, and is especially keen on damp days, or when the place which has been wounded is plunged in water.

The natives in the parts of Burmah where this tree grows are in such terror of it that they fly in haste when they perceive the peculiar odor which it exhales.

If they happen to touch it they fall on the ground and roll over and over on the earth with shrieks.

Dogs touched by it yelp and run, biting and tearing the part of their bodies that has been touched.

A horse which had come in contact with a "burning tree" ran like a mad thing, biting everything and everybody that it could reach.

A missionary at Mandalay, who investigated a leaf of the plant with his forefinger, suffered agony for several weeks, and for ten months felt occasional darting pains in his finger.

WRAPPED IN MILK SHEETS.—A new curative treatment has been discovered by a Transvaal doctor. Having noted the fact that milk absorbs poisonous germs from a bucket, he decided that it might be possible to turn this germ-absorbing power to a therapeutic account.

He put his ideas to a test, and now asserts that he has cured persons of smallpox, fevers, diphtheria, and other maladies by simply wrapping them in milk sheets. The patient is laid on a mattress covered with blankets, and is packed in a sheet just large enough to envelop the body. This sheet has first been saturated in a pint and a half of warm milk and is applied to the body without wringing. After this treatment, which lasts about an hour, the patient is sponged with warm water or is put into a warm bath.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers.

Silk goods are said to take dyes more readily than any other fabrics.

Great Britain's territory in Africa amounts to 2,615,000 square miles.

In proportion to its size, a fly walks 50 times as fast as a human being.

The Imperial Library in Paris has thirt-six books printed on white silk.

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to the population than in any country.

Little oak trees an inch and a half in height are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in thimbles.

Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over a thousand.

Boston claims to have the longest paved street in the world—Washington Street, which is seventeen and a half miles in length.

The Fiji Islands boast of five regular newspapers, four of which are printed in England and one in the vernacular of the natives.

The Cuban flag has five broad stripes, three of blue and two of white. A blue triangle diminishes from one end and on it is a silver star.

It is said that the gold bracelet sent to Princess Maud of Wales was the first notice taken by a Pope of an English wedding in several centuries.

At Richmond, Mo., a thorn from a hedge he was trimming flew into the eye of a gardener, and the point breaking off in the eyeball, sight was destroyed.

A chemist has discovered a process of solidifying intoxicants, such as brandy, whisky, etc., so that they can be carried in the vest pocket in the form of tablets.

"Familiarity Breeds Contempt" is a proverb found in one form or another in every European or Asiatic language having a literature. Its earliest form is believed to be the Sanskirt.

Date vinegar which has been made and used by Arabs for years, has recently been put on the English market. Englishmen who have used it say that it is far superior to any other vinegar.

A white tar has been invented. The beauty of the substance is that under no climatic conditions will it become soft, so that in caulking the decks of a ship it will probably supersede pitch.

The whale's nose is on the top of the head—at least, that is where his nostrils are situated, through which he expels the columns of water during the action known as "spouting." Whales only spout when feeding.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice, so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble-bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilising the red clover that has been introduced into the colony.

Most leaves contain some nourishing properties, in particular those of the acacia tree. It would be quite possible to subsist on leaves if the supply were not stinted, and the ship-wrecked mariner will keep in very fair condition if he chews them as he would his quid of "bacey."

Scotland claims the credit of having the smallest burial ground in the world. It is situated in the town of Galashiels, between Bridge street and High street. It measures only 21½ feet by 14½ feet, and is surrounded by a rickety wall about seven feet high. It has been closed as a burial ground for many years.

Sumter, S. C., has established a system of income taxation. All employes whose salaries are over $25 a month are to pay an annual license. Those earning between $20 and $40 per month must pay into the city treasury $5 a year, and those making more than $40 monthly are to pay $10. The wage earners have engaged counsel to fight the tax.

In China there is no copyright, and no one enters literature as a career. No one writes a book until he has gained money in a Government office or in his profession, when, if he has an idea he wishes to communicate, he may write and publish a book. Anyone may copy it; and the author's reward comes from the pleasure of being famous.

The new Japanese stamps to be issued on September 18, will for the first time in that country be adorned with heads of prominent persons. The original intention was to make the stamps commemorative of the war with China, but Prime Minister Ito rejected the samples on the ground that it would not be well to constantly remind the Chinese of their defeat.

The office of postmaster of Vienna, which was created by the Empress Maria Therese over a hundred years ago, has since remained hereditary and saleable. The postmaster of the Austrian capital has to furnish all the vehicles necessary for the service, and the drivers thereof are in his personal employ. At present he employs 340 drivers, blacksmiths, etc., and 580 horses are under his whips.

AH, LEAVE ME NOT.

BY M. F.

Ah, leave me not, sweetheart, so soon
To lonely thoughts and wistful sighs.
The night is young. Behold the moon
Hath not yet climbed the eastern skies.
Tell me again love's rosary
Of sweet words low and soft;
A thousand times, it could not be
By thy lips told too oft.

Ah, leave me not! With thee away,
Sad thoughts of ill my heart affright;
And pleasure scorns the fairest day
Until thy presence makes it bright.
'Tis but a moment since we met,
So, sweetheart, bide a wee;
And in thy love let me forget
The parting soon to be.

CURIOUS ANIMALS.

Witchampton is a village on Lord Alington's Crichel estate not far from Bournemouth, England. In its sheltered nook roses grow literally by thousands, and the air is scented with the sweetest perfume as one approaches the institution which is known as Lord Alington's "White Farm," and is the principal sight of the neighborhood.

It was originally started by the late Lady Alington, who was a great lover of animals, and who wished to see whether it would be possible to make a collection of domestic birds and beasts which should be all white, without a colored hair or feather among them.

The plan was continued by Lord Alington after her death, and the original scope of the collection was extended by the admission of many white animals and birds which cannot be properly styled domesticated, and though the whole is invariably known as the "White Farm," it might be more properly called by a name less limited in meaning.

At the same time, the place at first sight has all the appearance of a farm. A rustic entrance leads to a regular farm-yard, round which are placed a variety of sheds and paddocks, which look like regular farm buildings.

In one corner there is a large pond, on which a regiment of white Aylesbury ducks and geese are disporting themselves. A closer examination, however, will show that some of the geese possess humped bills, which are not usually found on the common bird of this species. They are, in fact, a colonial variety.

In another corner is a pen from which proceeds a sound which suggests pigs. The porkers are, however, all of the pinky-white kind. There is not an ordinary black grunter among them.

As you enter a grand white collie comes out of his kennel to inquire who you are, while a large white St. Bernard —a most formidable looking fellow—a white Russian wolfhound, and a white poodle break out into frantic barking, and dancing at the ends of different chains as if they scented a marauder.

Some white cows, which have been brought in to be milked and are grouped in the centre of the yard, turn round lazy, inquiring eyes to see whether the intrusion demands personal flight or can be left to the dogs.

A white Cochin China and some other white cocks are strutting among their white harems. White turkeys assume a dignity which the common bird can never rise to.

Clouds of white doves flutter and wheel about overhead with gentle cooing. White tumblers, white fantails, and lovely white Javas are among them. In a big wicker cage, pendent under shelter from the sun, is an enormous white owl, who blinks at you sleepily and looks rather like an elderly ghost.

In another cage there is a white raven, and near him is a white jackdaw, both possessed of the powerful beak and claws of their respective kind and each as white as the bushy-tailed white Persian cat which watches them with a deep interest that can scarcely be attributed to the curiosity of a naturalist. There are several Persians. These pussies catch mice just like any ordinary tabby, and may often be found as highly attentive spectators of the antics of the white mice, which have a secure little house all to themselves. Puss is also much interested in some large white cockatoos which are chained to perches, but the memory of a historic encounter, in which "cocky" made mincemeat of the cat, prevents this interest from assuming the form of active hostility.

In various pens may be seen horns and forms which are certainly not those of cattle. White Asiatic goats and zebus and white deer contrast somewhat oddly with English animals, just as the white mules and asses from Syria do with the white ponies, horses, and "mokes" which have been bred at home. One of the mules comes from the Sultan's stud, and one of the donkeys is as clever as a trick-pony.

The White Farm is open daily for the inspection of visitors, and it is a popular amusement with the natives to go and look at the strange birds and beasts which Lord Alington has gathered together.

STILL KEPT UP.—A queer custom, which prevails at no other Court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course at a dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served.

The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his cooks, promoting him to the rank of chief over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the king's table.

Greatly incensed thereby and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth, whenever a dish was placed before him, the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

CHINAMEN AS SHOEMAKERS.—Chinese shoemakers are stated to be patient, diligent, and excellent workmen, whilst they are the keenest tradesmen in the world, bound together by a sort of freemasonry which takes the place of the patriotism that is lacking in the Chinese character.

They are a formidable class in foreign countries. Nine-tenths of the Chinese in Calcutta are shoemakers. In the Philippines they are monopolizing the trade. Out of the total of 784 shoemakers in Manilla, 630 are Chinamen.

In Mexico are shoe factories owned and managed by them, and they turn out goods at two dollars a pair that, in point of workmanship, far exceed anything that could be produced in any European country at a considerable higher price. It is the same in Tonquin.

Grains of Gold.

God gives every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest.

Great things are not done, even by great men, without toil and effort.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts, for to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.

We should give as we would receive —cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

How shall you learn to know yourself? Not by contemplation, but by action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

Femininities.

Salt, slightly wetted and well rubbed in, will remove tea-stains from china cups.

Chicago alone has fifteen women dentists, who make their living by that profession.

Wilhemina, the girl Queen of the Netherlands, is one of Queen Victoria's most constant correspondents.

Hubby: You are worth a million to me. Wifey: Can I get an advance of $2 on that million for a new hat?

It is noted that the women of the Royal families of Europe are, on the average, much stronger, mentally and physically, than the men.

The parlor was very dirty, and although Bridget didn't get discharged, she was told that next morning she would have to get up and dust.

The rumor is abroad that Dr. Jameson is to wed, on his release from imprisonment, Georgianna, Countess of Dudley, said to be a beautiful peeress.

"It must disgrace me before all the neighbors that you came home drunk." "But, my dear, who saw me?" "No one; but they all heard me scolding you."

"While you were talking to Miss Barlow at the ball, she was laughing in her sleeve all the time." "That's where you are wrong. She didn't have any sleeve to laugh in."

Mabel: I see that the Czar of Russia has a throne that is worth $20,000. Adelaide: Pooh! What of that? It cost pa a great deal more than that for his seat in the Senate.

Women constitute two-thirds of all the church members in the United States, but only 1-13 of all the criminals. Men make up 12-13 of the criminals and only one-third of the church members.

Sarah Bernhardt was recently so charmed with the spectacle of a bull-fight at Madrid, in which five of the animals were killed, that she gave the toreador a diamond scarf-pin in acknowledgment of his skill.

According to London Truth, Queen Victoria's physical condition is such that she never stands on her feet for two minutes at a time. She is wheeled from room to room, and at all court and other functions sits constantly in a low chair.

Windsor Castle is not the Queen's private property. It belongs to the nation, and is at present an heirloom to the Crown. Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, belongs wholly and solely to the Queen, and she may sell or dispose of it in any way she thinks proper.

The Russian lady doctors have gained another point, the Medical Board, which is a department of the Ministry of the Interior, having decreed that the emblem which doctors wear on the breast may also be worn by ladies who have passed an examination, giving them the right to practise.

For two months a Lewiston, Me., mother has been suffering from serious trouble with her eyes, the result of what was supposed to be the harmless slap of her baby who last June poked a fist into one of them. Inflammation set in the eye struck and the other became sympathetically affected.

Uncle Marshall Ferguson, who lived in Gwinnett county, near Stone Mountain, and who died two weeks ago, was a remarkable man. He had reached the age of 88, and he and his wife had lived together for over sixty years. He made forty-two crops with two horses, having ploughed one for twenty and the other for twenty-two years.

"Come out with me and have a night of it," said Jones, who had just returned, after an absence of ten years.

"I can't. I'm married," replied Scribbs.

"But you were married before I went away, and then——"

"Yes," said Scribbs, sadly; "but that was before the women's reform movement started."

Husband: This house is as cold as a barn; all the doors are swinging open, the children yelling, no signs of supper, no—— Wife: Why, my dear, how unreasonable you are. You are absolutely brutal. The idea of talking that way, after I've worked like a slave the whole afternoon trying to finish this "Heaven Bless Our Home" motto for our front hall.

Escroquerie is a crime in France which has no counterpart in any other country. A lady in Paris was recently sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for ordering a costume she was not able to pay for, and a governess was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for taking a cab without being able to hand over the fare. The French are practical people, and see no difference between running off with an article and getting it without paying for it.

The air breathed by the girls in the Chicago telephone company's switch room is washed, dried, heated or cooled, and ironed—or, rather, compressed—before they are permitted to use it. It was found necessary to keep the air free from dust in order to secure perfect action of the switches, and so the air is sprayed in the basement, dried of moisture by centrifugal force, and when it has been brought to the proper temperature, is forced into the room at a rate of about ten thousand cubic feet per minute.

Masculinities.

The Empress of Austria is making a collection of cows.

The longest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet.

Condors have been killed in Peru with wings twenty feet wide from tip to tip.

In these days the matrimonial match only seems to light on the money box.

An experimenter once drew out of the body of a spider 5,480 yards of thread—a length but little short of two miles.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by a majority of nearly 200,000.

Visitor: But this portrait of Mr. Bulger is a good deal more than life size. Artist: I know it. That is the size he thinks he is.

Mamma, to Willie, who is sliding down the cellar-door: Willie, what are you doing? Willie: Makin' a pair o' pants for a poor orphan boy.

Grace: Are you sure she loves you? Dick: Positive. She said she would rather have me save my money than buy her a Christmas present.

In ancient and more simple times it was the custom never to shave. For four hundred years there was no such thing as a barber heard of in Rome.

In families well ordered there is always one firm, sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The Greeks represented Persuasion as crowned.

The latest reported whim for the owners of dogs is to make them wear shoes in the house, for the purpose of protecting the polished floors. They are made of chamois, with leather soles.

Old gentleman, to small boys stealing apples: Good gracious, boys, stealing is bad enough; but if you must steal, why don't you take the ripe apples instead of the green? Boys, in chorus: Th' man what owns the orchard will give us all the ripe ones we want, if we ask for 'em.

President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, has been a remarkable man physically. It is said of him that in his youth he could run for half a day and keep pace with a horse. Now, at the age of seventy, "Oom Paul" shows little sign of having lost any of his physical or mental vigor.

It appears to be a rule in China that the richer a man is the more he separates himself from his womenkind. A prosperous merchant never eats at the table with his wife and daughters; his and his sons' food must be prepared separately, and served in another room.

The reason commonly assigned for wearing the ring on the left hand is that, as the larger portion of the heart is on the left side, the left hand is, of course, nearer the heart. Another reason given is that the left hand is usually less employed than the right, and that the ring is better preserved by wearing it on the left.

"Von Boxie's wife is very indignant with him."

"Why?"

"He played a trick on her. He came home very late the other night."

"That has happened before."

"And he told her he heard a burglar in the house, so that she was afraid to scold him above a whisper."

Mr. Ruskin's well-known shyness and dislike of seeing visitors has greatly increased of late years. Even during his daily walks, which he indulges in with unfailing regularity at 11 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, in company with his attendant, he is so averse to being stared at, even by the casual wayfarer, that he will turn into the first gate he comes across.

The career of a homœopathic doctor who was recently arrested in Dusseldorf bears witness to the profitableness of advertising and the number of fools in Germany. This doctor advertised in 800 newspapers, and he had eighteen "remedies" for all diseases, which were dispensed by his servants. The number of his victims may be inferred from the fact that his income was over $100,000.

Guest: Got any roast beef? Waiter: Yes, sir. Guest: Bring me one of your best cuts. I want it tender, juicy, not too well done, not too raw, and with a little gravy. Have the fat and lean about equally divided, and be particular not to cut the slice thick. And don't forget the horse radish. Can you remember all that? Waiter: Yes, sir. (Loudly): Plate o' roas' beef!

An eminent medical authority discredits the theory that men, or women either, break down from overwork. He says the brain does its work with the minimum of effort, that with due nutriment and rest in sleep it can work continuously during waking hours, and that, instead of being injured by severe labor, it is improved by it if the labor is done under normal conditions. "When a man says he is suffering from the effects of mental overwork," he adds, "the physician may safely put it down to worry. The worries of life do infinitely more harm than the work of life, however onerous it may be."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The prevailing mode in autumn capes is the rather short single cape with flaring collar. This shape is chosen both for cloth and satin or silk garments. The former are perfectly plain, with machine stitching around the edges, or are strapped in various ways with the same goods. Some have two or three straps down the back. Others have cloth set on to form points. Satin capes of black are fancifully trimmed with ruffles of black chiffon and white, cream or ecru lace. One had a flounce of chiffon half its length, gathered into the neck. On this was a ruffle of white lace two inches narrower, and over this, again, a ruffle of chiffon two inches narrower than the lace. A ruche of chiffon finished the neck.

Capes of gay Dresden silk are stylishly trimmed with black chiffon or lace. Jet on net or tulle is much used in the shape of yokes and collars. When made of cloth, the cape is seamless, but narrow fabrics have a seam down the centre of the back.

The belted basque is the latest development of the waist or jacket effect. This has a circular basque added, and may be trimmed in a variety of ways at the top. The sailor collar with revere front is one of the most approved models. The new plaid, striped and embroidered woolens of the fall are being made up into such waists with very good results. One has been worn with a collar and a narrow ribbon belt of turquois blue satin ribbon matching one of the stripes of several colors which made the plaid. Mohairs are made in this way.

A plain brown one was worn with a narrow white leather belt, the crush collar being of Dresden ribbon with a white ground. For early fall, cheviot, tweed, and in fact all the fabrics in wool are attractive made up after this model, and will be much in evidence as soon as outer wraps are laid aside. The first cool autumn days will show a vast number of these becoming waists. They are made over a fitted lining, the outside being seamless. The basque of peplum is cut separate in circular shape.

Green China silk with black rings is the material employed in a neat gown. The belt and collar are of black and green taffetas cut on the bias and hemmed by hand. A dress of dark green mohair made after this model had the body of the waist of embroidered batiste over violet silk, with belt and cuffs of violet and green shaded ribbon. The sleeves of this were made without the ruffle, being a plain full puff over a fitted lower sleeve of the batiste over silk.

A serge dress of black had a full body of Persian silk with a deep ruffle of black chiffon at the neck which hung in points over the sleeves, the back and the front; the belt and collar were of the silk. This model is adapted alike for silk, wool or cotton fabrics. The waist has a fitted lining, with a puff ending in a ruffle at the elbow. The fitted sleeve may be omitted below the elbow. Or the puff may be made without the ruffle. The belt is the new wide folded style. The waist buttons in front.

A delightfully comfortable garment is cut without a lining, the fulness being gathered into the collar band, and finished with a draw string at the waist line in the back. It is unconfined in front, except by a ribbon. Made of pink and white striped lawn, with ruffles of very finely embroidered white lawn, and ribbons of pink, it is a dream of daintiness. A white Japanese silk, with ruffles of white lace and Dresden ribbon is charming and serviceable, as this silk launders as well as white lawn. A sprigged dimity of white background, had yellow ribbons to match the figure with white Valenciennes lace trimmings. Crepons in delicate shades are much used for these jackets. One of pink had ruffles of black chiffon on collar and sleeves. A pink and black striped ribbon was worn at the waist. A yellow nun's veiling had ruffles of black lace. Albatross of a creamy white had frills of pale blue chiffon and blue ribbon trimmings. A white lawn with a blue spot, had collar and ruffles to match.

A charming frock is a very comfortable as well as stylish model for autumn school or best dress. The skirt is simply gathered, and sewed to the waist, which has a round yoke to which a blouse is sewn. A blue silk with the yoke and sleeve capes of brown velvet, with an edging of beaver, is a dainty combination for a best dress for autumn. A red and blue novelty goods with cord silk yoke cuffs and sleeve capes is another good combination. A plain green cloth or cashmere, with trimmings of flounced velveteen is also stylish. For a school dress, a plaid or novelty goods in many colors, can be effectively trimmed with plain silk or velveteen. The sleeve capes may be left off if desired.

A stylish bodice fitting the figure perfectly has a short rippled basque at the back, and fastens at the left side of the front, from the bust to the waist, with two large ancient buttons, while the upper part of the right side turns back from the left side of the bust to the edge of the right shoulder seam, forming a large revers, bordered with the guipure insertion. The draped collar of black satin is headed by a frill of fine lace, the same shade as the guipure. The deep ceinture of wide black satin ribbon has a long bow of the same at the right side falling over the skirt. The sleeves are cut in the newest leg-of-mutton shape, trimmed at the waist with black satin cuffs, headed by narrow frills of fine lace, while falling over the tops are cape-like epaulettes of the cloth, edged with guipure.

The attractive hat is of black and mauve chenille, with the moderately wide brim turned up well at the left side, where it is embellished with a stylish bow of mauve ribbon bordered with narrow black velvet ribbon, while loops of the same ribbon surround the low crown.

Dark blue cloth, trimmed with white satin, black braid, white mousseline de soie and Irish guipure lace are the materials chosen for creating a smart toilette. A skirt, with the front edge of the side gores trimmed at the foot with short lines of the braid, opens over a tablier of the cloth.

The figaro is ornamented with a collar of white satin, covered with Irish guipure. This collar is cut out in the front, so as to form long pointed revers, below which lines of braid form a garniture similar to that ornamenting the foot of the skirt. A full vest of white mousseline de soie is drawn down under a wide corselet of white satin, which is fastened in the front by two fancy buttons. The front band of cloth is enhanced in the front by an artistic bow of the mousseline falling over the draped vest. The sleeves are cut in the leg-of mutton shape.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOUPS AND SALADS

Do not put fruit into a closet where the silver is kept The rubber bands upon the jars will affect the silver and make it tarnish quickly.

Hairpins are best made of torquois shell, real or imitation. As few hairpins should be used as possible, as they are apt to irritate the skin of the head. When choosing hairpins be careful to select those without sharp points.

A cup of coffee may be made very nourishing if a well-beaten egg is stirred into it and a little cream added. Mix together the eggs, sugar and cream, then pour in the hot coffee gradually, whipping it with a silver fork. Taken in this way the coffee is almost as good as a meal to an invalid.

New beets, especially white ones, are quite delicious if parboiled about an hour, peeled, and then simmered in a cupful of stock until tender. Thicken the stock slightly by adding to it a teaspoonful of flour. If the beets are large, slice them in rather thick slices. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

When flavoring has been forgotten in a pudding or cake the fault may be remedied by rubbing the desired extract over the outside of the cake as soon as it is taken from the oven.

To keep the varnished wood of furniture looking fresh and bright it should be rubbed thoroughly with oil from time to time. Only a little oil should be used, and that carefully rubbed in with a flannel until it seems to have all gone; otherwise it will catch the dust, and the wood will look worse than if it had been left alone.

Stained borders of floors will require doing over once a year if worn places are not to become noticeable. The stain and varnish may be bought and applied separately, or mixed together and applied at once. The latter is, of course, the readiest method, but the former is perhaps the more lasting.

When polishing mirrors, windows or picture glass with whitening the best way to use it is to have it in muslin bags. Dampen the glass lightly, then rub with the bag and polish off with a crumpled newspaper.

An excellent substitute for tomatoes at a dinner is rice, cooked in milk and well salted, put into a dish and browned in the oven. Make a hot lemon sauce and pour it over the rice when it is taken from the oven and just before the dish is sent to the table.

A solution of vinegar and salt is the best thing to clean polished iron as well as copper. Heat the salt and vinegar in the frying pan or other dish. Rub off the stains, then wash it off and scour it with sand soap.

Linoleum floor covering may be made to look bright and new by rubbing it with equal parts of salad oil and vinegar. Rub thoroughly with a flannel cloth, and do not use too much of the mixture nor allow any of it to remain on the surface of the linoleum. If very much soiled, clean the covering by wiping with a cloth wet with soap and water before using the oil and vinegar.

To make chocolate ice cream, put one and one-half pints of milk over the fire in a double boiler. Beat together two generous cupfuls of sugar, a scant half cupful of flour and four eggs. When the milk is boiling, and not before, pour in the mixture and cook twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Scrape one ounce of chocolate and put into a small sauce pan with a tablespoonful each of water and sugar; stir over the fire until smooth and glossy, add to the cooked mixture, and set away to cool. When cold, turn into the freezer, with one quart of cream and freeze. The same foundation may be used with coffee, vanilla, lemon, caramel and different fruit flavors.

One of the secrets of palatable food is knowing how to cook water. The secret is to put fresh filtered watered into a clean kettle already warm, to let it boil quickly, and to use it the instant it is boiled. To let it steam and simmer means to have a combination of lime, iron and dregs in the kettle, and all the good water evaported into air.

It is surprised that many housekeepers otherwise neat and particular, seem to think that a kettle will stay clean without active measures on their part. The mere fact that nothing but water is boiled in it does not guarantee it against the need of scouring it. It will soon become coated with a rusty-looking layer of lime, unless it receives the same care as other cooking utensils. Food cooked with water which is not properly boiled or which is boiled in a kettle coated with dregs has not the same flavor that properly cooked food has. Moreover it is dangerous to health.

The usual way to prepare potatoes is to well wash and scrub them and put them into plenty of boiling water, with a teaspoonful of salt for an average saucepanful; see that the potatoes are as much of a size as possible, as this insures their cooking evenly. Let them boil for twenty minutes, then, when soft (which you can test with a fork), pour off the water and leave the potatoes in the empty pot on the stove till the skins burst. If, however, you have had to peel the potatoes first you cook them as before, but instead of turning out the water lift out the potatoes and leave them for a few minutes in a colander in the steam of the water they were cooked in, tossing them occasionally, and send them to the table when mealy.

During the damp weather in the autumn coffee often loses its flavor and strength. An old housekeeper says that if the quantity of coffee berries needed for breakfast be put in a bowl, covered closely, and put into the warming oven over night, the flavor of the coffee will be much improved.

There are two things which people imagine are guides to the goodness of coffee which are really of no consequence whatever. These are the color of the decoction and the aroma of the coffee when ground, or as this escapes from the pot in drawing. The color is true, also, of tea. The finest coffees and teas, when properly roasted and prepared to give out their finest flavors, will color the water but little. The real essence which gives the flavor have practically no color.

It is easier and better to use a whisk broom for sweeping a fine carpet than a broom with a long handle. Carpets that have a long nap should be swept in but one direction. Otherwise you sweep the dust into them instead of out of them. It is a slovenly housekeeper who uses a feather duster for all purposes. Feathers are useful for getting into corners and for cleaning ornaments into which you cannot manage to thrust a cloth, but such dusters only scatter the dust; you need a cloth to gather and remove it permanently. Blue cotton handkerchiefs are good for ordinary purposes, but cheese cloth is best for fine furniture.

Johnny Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of flour, one cupful of indian meal.

Cocoanut Jumbles.—One cupful of butter, one and a half of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of cocoanut, a little nutmeg, flour to roll, cut in square pieces and folded over the edges, or cut in long, narrow strips.

Cocoanut Cheesecakes.—Mix together three well-beaten eggs, a heaped teaspoonful of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a teacupful of bread crumbs, and a heaped teacupful of grated cocoanut. Pour this mixture into a pie dish or small patty pans, lined with pastry, and bake in a good oven.

Preserved Apples.—Four pounds of apples, four pounds of sugar, one ounce of rough ginger. Wash the apples, cut them in quarters, and peel them. Put them in a basin of cold water. Put all the peelings in a jellypan covered with cold water. Boil it for half an hour, and strain through a bit of muslin. Now put four small breakfast cupfuls of the juice the peelings were boiled in into the jellypan, and the four pounds of sugar and ginger. Bring it to the boil, and boil five minutes, then lift the apples out of the water and put them in. Let them boil about half an hour or three quarters gently, till the apples look clear. A rough apple that does not boil down does best.

Mixed Preserve.—Two pounds of apples, two pounds of pears, two pounds of plums, and six pounds of sugar. Pare and slice the apples and pears, taking out the cores; skin and slit the plums, and remove the stones. Put some apples in the bottom of a stone jar that will go into the oven, then a layer of plums, then of pears, and repeat until they are all used up; cover the jar tightly, and put it in a slow oven, and leave them there till the fruit is quite tender. It is best to leave them all night in the oven. Put the whole of the fruit and the sugar into a preserving pan, stir till it boils, and boil about half an hour till it is quite thick. It is cut in slices when cold and served.

Bananas and Oranges.—Pare and slice six bananas and two large oranges; the juicier the latter are the better. Mix these well together; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and place in a refrigerator or cool place until half an hour or an hour before using. Before serving, put the fruit in a glass bowl, which has also been chilled, cover it with whipped cream or custard, and sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar.

Scalloped Eggs.—Butter some scallop shells, put a layer of fine bread-crumbs in each, then a yolk of an egg (take care not to break the yolk), with a small teaspoonful of vinegar, some pepper and salt; cover them well with fine bread-crumbs, put pieces of butter on the top, and bake long enough to set the eggs, brown the outsides and serve. Tarragon vinegar may be used if liked.

Potatoes.—Old potatoes may be greatly improved by being soaked in cold water several hours after peeling, or all night; the water should be changed once or twice. After potatoes have been boiled, drain thoroughly and quickly, shake, and put the saucepan (covered) back on the stove; in a few minutes shake again, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and throw in a little hot cream or rich milk, with a piece of butter; shake again, and they are then ready to be served whole or mashed. Be careful that the water in which potatoes are boiled does not stop boiling, as, if it does, they become watery; on the other hand, they should not boil very hard, or they will break. Put them to boil in clear fresh boiling water, and keep steadily boiling for at least twenty minutes.

MATTER OF REFLECTION.—A certain learned judge who was immensely stout, having tried many anti-fat remedies to reduce his weight without any satisfactory result, finally went to some hot springs, and, much to his joy, lost considerable adipose tissue, returning home in a most happy frame of mind. He went to market one morning recently, and said to the butcher, "Cut me off twenty pounds of pork." The request was complied with. The judge looked at the meat for some time, and then walked off. "Shall I send the meat to your house, judge?" asked the butcher. "Oh, no," was the reply; "I don't want it! I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to see how much it was."

Alice Rossiter.

BY H. L. S.

"JUST as your papa thinks best, my dear," said Mrs. Rossiter, as she folded her graceful morning robe indolently about her, and leaned back among the soft cushions with a languid air.

It was very evident Mrs. Rossiter was not in a mood for active exertion or remonstrance of any kind. If her pretty daughter, Alice, kneeling there on the carpet, with her curly head on her mother's knee, her blue eyes seconding the motion of her coaxing cherry-red mouth, her little hands, so soft and white and delicately shaped, clasped in playful supplication; if she, I say, had proposed a voyage to the South Sea Islands on a mission of charity, instead of a pleasure trip to the country, Mrs. Rossiter would scarcely have found the strength of will to oppose her.

As it was, the bright face of the kneeling girl grew brighter still, as she sprang up with a musical "thank you, mamma," and exchanged her seat on the floor for one on the knee of a portly pleasant featured old gentleman, who sat in a lounging chair before the window reading. With a quick movement, as graceful as it was audacious, she pulled his morning paper away from him, and dropping it on the floor set her pretty little foot upon it firmly.

"What do you say, papa?" she asked.

"Well, what is it, my pet?" The old gentleman did not seem much out of temper for the liberties she had taken, but putting his arms about her, drew her towards him, and kissed her over and over again. Any one with a half glance at the pair, would have known that Alice Rossiter was the pride and darling of her father's heart.

"Well, you see, papa, instead of going to Brighton with Helen and Marion, I want to visit Auntie Russell for a six weeks' rustication. It has been so long since I inhaled a real country breeze, that actually I have forgotten what one is like. Buttercups and daisies would be greater luxuries than jewels to me, and for the life of me I don't believe I could tell to a certainty whether potatoes grow on vines or bushes. Then I overheard Dr. Andrews telling Gramma yesterday how shockingly thin and sallow I was getting.

"He said I needed air and exercise more than physic—that a few weeks in the country, with plenty of romping, pudding and milk, fresh air, and a flirtation with a rustic lover, would set me up in roses and dimples for a whole year. Beside, papa—"

"Hush, you rattled-headed pussy-cat. Your reasons are forcible ones, and so plentiful and well-arranged that I think you must have made out a list of them, and learned them by heart.

"But what about Brighton? I don't understand how the belle of its last season—the vain miss who came home again with her giddy little head quite turned by her numerous conquests, can relinquish thus the chance to repeat her triumphs."

Alice curled her scarlet lip disdainfully. Her father smiled. That question was disposed of.

"But Ally, it won't be prudent for you to go alone. What with fence-climbing, hunting for new-laid eggs, and similar propensities which would develop themselves in you, I should be in continual fear of sprained wrists, dislocated ankles, a bruised head or a broken neck. You could need some one to keep continual watch and guard over you. We could not spare any of the servants, and as for hiring a private companion——"

"That was just what I was going to say when you interrupted me," Alice broke in eagerly. "There is Miss Dunbar, Hattie's governess, who could be spared as well as not, and I am sure she would be willing to oblige me."

"Very well, just as you and she can agree. You have my consent to anything reasonable. And now be off, gipsy. Here is something to defray expenses. Pick up that paper under your toes, and don't smother me with kisses, pussy."

And placing a bank-note in her hand, Mr. Rossiter unseated her from his knee, and following her graceful figure for a moment with a glance of pardonable fatherly pride, resumed his reading.

Dear, sweet, unselfish Ally Rossiter! How from my heart of hearts I thanked her, when she came into my room a few minutes afterwards, and told me of her success. The day before, when she was chatting gaily with me of the coming season at the fashionable watering-place—for I was more her confidant than were either of her haughty elder sisters—I had accidentally let fall a wish that I might have a few weeks' vacation from my duties as governess, to pass in the coolness and quiet of the country.

Ever since the spring I had been longing for the green fields, the singing birds, the smell of the young meadow clover, and the sight of the growing corn; for I was born and bred a country maiden, and the old tastes and instincts were strong within me. The hot breath of town stifled me, and so I told her with wistful tears in my eyes.

A shadow came over her fair face while I was speaking, and I checked myself involuntarily. I had, without meaning it, stirred her generous impulsive nature to pity. Blessed darling! She did not know that I saw through her affectionate little stratagem, when she came to me the next morning, and asked me if I should be willing to accompany her on a visit to her country relatives.

Her air was anxious and inquiring—for she preferred to seem soliciting rather than conferring a favor—as though she did not mistrust how my very soul leaped up with delight at her question.

At first I refused, confronting her with a knowledge of her self-denial and tender sacrifice; but she adhered so steadily to her resolution, declaring that if I did not accompany her, she would stay at home entirely, that she would not go anywhere if she could not go to Suffolk, coaxing me with kisses, and holding up before me the very picture that I had painted the day before in my yearning sadness, that at last I yielded a half-pleased, half-reluctant, but inexpressibly grateful consent.

A week from that morning we were on our journey, and Alice entertained me with graphic descriptions of the places and persons I should see.

She told me of her homely, kind-hearted Aunt Mary—her rough, blunt spoken Uncle James—her eldest cousin Edgar (away at school), and Frank, two years younger, whom she remembered as a wild, mischievous, bright eyed boy full of spirit, but generous and impulsive to a fault.

"But, dear me!" she said, in conclusion, "I'll wager by this time he is a verdant, gawky, overgrown fellow—a veritable country clown. By the way, Catherine, do you know I mean to try my arts on him?

"A whole summer without a conquest will be intolerably stupid, and such a triumph would be a novelty in the flirting world, worth scheming for. Imagine a sunburnt, shock-headed youth standing before me, grinning with bashful simplicity, hoisting first one foot and then the other in sheepish embarrassment, and stammering out his ardent love-avowal something after this fashion: 'W-w-w-ill y-y-you have m-m-me, Cousin Alice?'"

I laughed in spite of myself at her comical picture, but bade her have a care; for coquettish games were always dangerous ones, and she might be the smitten one after all. She shook her head at me with a merry, sceptical laugh, but made me no reply in words.

She did not speak again till we had reached the end of our journey.

The pleasant, blue-eyed little woman, who came down to the wooden gate to meet us, was very like the portrait Alice had drawn of her.

While we were directing the coachman about our baggage, a gentleman and lady on horseback galloped gaily down the valley road, and nodded to Mrs. Russell as they swept past.

"My son Frank," she said, in an explanatory way, as they went by. "We were not expecting you until to-morrow, or he would have remained at home this afternoon."

I turned and looked after the retreating pair, mentally comparing that tall, elegantly-formed man, carrying his handsome head so proudly, and managing his spirited steed with that graceful, easy skill, which is the beauty of horsemanship, to the shock-headed, bashful youth of Alice's fancy. I think she recalled her own words, too, for her glance followed mine, and the look of pleased surprise that brightened her whole face did not vanish till the dust of their horses' hoofs had settled in the distance.

Deliciously cool and sweet was the little spare chamber assigned to us, and after a bath, and a change of apparel, I rested myself by the low, open window, and leaned out through the climbing net-work of roses to enjoy the beautiful freshness of the summer scenery spread out before my gaze.

Alice was—I knew not where, though a snatch of gay song, warbled in the clearest of voices, or a thrill of merry laughter, occasionally betrayed to me her whereabouts. All at once I saw her emerging from the barn—one foot slipperless, a great rent in her frock, her curls tangled with bits of hay, her gay silk apron filled with eggs.

She was laughing and singing all in a breath, but as she danced along, her foot slipped on a pebble and she fell. I heard the crash of eggs in her apron and saw the broken yolks and whites trickling out upon the ground in little rills of gold and pearls. Just as I was going to her assistance, I caught the sound of an amused mirthful laugh by the gate, and the next moment Frank Russell was assisting her to rise.

"What carelessness! Six new-laid eggs everlastingly ruined! How shall we remedy such a loss?" he said, in a merry, mocking voice. "This is my cousin Alice, I am sure. Even if I had not been anticipating your arrival, I should have known this face among a thousand. You are very little changed—so little, indeed, that I dare greet you just as I used to years ago;" and stooping he kissed her blushing cheeks, gallantly.

They came into the house together, chatting like old friends, and pretty soon Alice came up to change her dress for tea. She lingered longer than usual at her glass, and I smiled, in spite of myself, at the painstaking care which she manifested in dressing. That evening, as we sat together in the porch, Alice asked her aunt, with a mischievous glance at Frank, who the young lady might be whom we had seen on horseback that afternoon.

"Oh, she was Annie Carter," was the reply. "I expect in a year from now you will be able to call her cousin. She has been engaged to my son this long while." And the old lady smiled good-naturedly over her knitting.

The events of the next two months (for our visit had been indefinitely prolonged) were but a realization of that prophetic dread that fell like a cloud over my spirit the first night of my stay in that house. Alice Rossiter's heart was singularly simple in its affectionateness and child like confidence, and I noticed with a feeling akin to pity the mastery which her fascinating cousin was gaining over it. They were inseparable companions.

Annie Carter seemed to be forgotten, or if remembered, to be held in secondary consideration to his guest. With growing pain I witnessed their evident liking for each other's society—their intimacy, ripening every day into something more deep and tender.

I could not interfere or warn them—the matter was too delicate for my skill to manage, and yet who could fail to know what the result would be? One heart must bleed, whether Alice's, or that of the fickle Frank's betrothed, I could not say. My selfish love would have chosen the latter.

One night we sat together, Alice and I, by our chamber window. Her chair was drawn up close to mine, and she half leaned against me, her head lying on my bosom, her arms clasped loosely across my shoulders.

We had been very silent, neither of us speaking for nearly an hour, and I was wondering what had brought such a pensive shade to Alice's face, when she spoke abruptly. Her question gave me the clue to the long reverie she had been indulging in.

"You saw Miss Carter yesterday, did you not, Catherine?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Am I as pretty as she is?" she asked.

"A thousand times prettier, my darling," said I. "Why, her face, is no more to be compared with yours than a wax flower is to those roses in your hair—fresh, dewy, and sweet with perfume."

"Do you think so?" said Alice. "I am glad, though I don't know that I ever cared much for being pretty until lately. I suppose Frank likes—loves her very much—don't you?"

There was something more than a careless curiosity to hear my opinion in that question. Had I answered her frankly, I should have given a decided negative. But, with a nature like hers, I dared run no unnecessary risk. I would not encourage the latent hope that I saw slumbering in her heart.

"Of course," I answered.

She sighed—a long, dismal sigh, that smote my heart to the quick. Just then we heard voices underneath the window. Her ear was quicker than mine, for she lifted herself up eagerly, bent her head a moment, as if to listen, and then I saw a quick color, like the flush of a rose, ripple into her cheek. We leaned together out of the window. Beneath us were Frank Russell and Annie Carter, pacing backwards on the grassy lawn, her hand on his arm—his handsome face bent down, till his dark locks almost brushed her forehead.

I saw Alice's eyelids droop to crush back the tears she would not have me see, and instinctively I put my arm about her and drew her away from the window. I could feel her heart beating stormily under her bodice, and when, with a long, low, sobbing cry, she threw herself into my arms and buried her face convulsively in my bosom, I knew she was conscious that her secret had passed into my possession.

The next day and the next passed dismally enough, but I saw with a sensation of relief that Alice shunned Frank's attentions. Once roused to a sense of her danger, the evil was half remedied, I thought.

On the afternoon of the third day, I went out for the solitary ramble I was accustomed to take after dinner. I walked down to the river, and to my surprise, as I neared my favorite seat—a little clearing among the willows that thickly skirted the bank—I saw Ally's white sun bonnet lying on the grass, and a little further on, herself thrown down on the ground, her arms crossed on the cool grass, and her face buried in them. Her very attitude was one of hopeless, passionate grief, and I should have known she was weeping, even if I had not heard her stifled sobs.

While I stood hesitating, undecided whether to go forward and speak with her, or leave her to conquer her sorrow alone, Frank Russell came out from among the willows, opposite me. He, too, noticed the weeping girl, and springing quickly forward, knelt by her side.

Evidently he did not know what to say to comfort her, for he only smoothed her hair silently, apparently unconscious of my close proximity. For once, Ally's heart misled her. She thought the intruder was myself.

"Do not blame me, Catherine," said she, "I cannot help it—indeed, I cannot. He was so good—so handsome—so kind to me, that I was loving him before I thought of the consequences. We will go away from here to-morrow will we not, dear, good Catherine?—where I shall never see Frank again. Oh, my heart will break!" she sobbed out, in broken accents, without lifting her head.

My heart leaped to my throat with a suffocating bound. I would have died rather than that my beautiful, sensitive darling should so unconsciously have opened her heart to the man who, of all persons, ought to be blinded to its secrets. It would kill her when she knew what she had done.

But I was unprepared for the next few minutes. Not till I noticed the sudden start that Frank Russell gave, the flush that came over his face, the tenderness that leaped into his hazel eyes; not till I saw him gather her up in his arms, with passionate caresses, pouring a vehement story of love into her ears—love that had not dared to hope, and that, but for that unexpected revelation, would never have found utterance—did I realize that Ally, after all, was to be happier than I had dared to wish she might be.

But I was startled when I saw her struggle from his embrace with a frightened cry, looking alternately from him to me, as if trying to comprehend her humiliating mistake—a hot flame of mortification blazing across her face, her blue eyes darkened by a look of pitiful distress.

"No, no! don't come near me, Frank Russel," she almost screamed, when he would have taken her hands.

"I see how it is—what I have said—what I have done—what you would say to me to save my pride. But do not mock me so! Let me bear this disgrace as my punishment—only respect my secret, for its own sake. Come, Catherine, let us go!" And she staggered towards me with both hands pressed hard over her burning face.

Moved by her suffering—her shame—scarcely knowing what I did, in my great pity for her humiliation, I said bitter harsh things to Frank Russell, taunting him with fickleness, meanness, falsity, and concluding by bidding him to seek Miss Carter, and rehearse the part he had been playing. He listened in indignant surprise, but at that name a new light seemed to break across his mind.

"Miss Carter!" said he. "Is it possible that you have labored under such a mistake as that? She has been engaged to my brother Edgar for these two years!"

The next moment Alice was in his arms, sobbing, laughing, and blushing all at once. I left them together by the river, but not until I had whispered maliciously to Alice, "W-w-will y-y-you have m-m-me, Cousin Alice?"

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Humorous.

TIT-FOR-TAT.

He kept her in.
The busy toiling schoolday now was o'er,
And she, his fairest scholar, stood before
The master's desk.
The bashful teacher loved this pretty maid,
So in his authority arrayed
He kept her in.
They're married now
The maiden yielded to her teacher's love,
And in her timid whispers sought to prove
Her heart was his.
She cannot bear to have him leave her sight;
Her love is such, by George, that ev'ry night
She keeps him in!

—A. T. S.

When are debts like coffee?—When they settle themselves by standing.

A naturalist tells us that a snipe has a nerve running clear down to the end of his bill. So has the plumber.

Wife: There comes that tramp I gave some of my biscuits to the other day.

Husband: Impossible! That must be his ghost.

Housekeeper: Your milk is as thin as water to-day.

Milkman: Wall, mum, it was very foggy this morning when we milked.

Mike: Why do thim false eyes be made of glass now?

Pat: Shure, an' how else could they say throo 'em, ye thickhead.

Bellows: Now, if you were in my shoes what do you think you would do?

Breeze, examining them: Well, I certainly think I should get another pair.

"I can't see why it is," said Bobby, "that when little boys are cross, folks say they are naughty; and when papas and mammas are cross, folks say they are nervous."

"Where did you get the design for your servant's livery, Miss Parvenu?"

"Oh, my ancestors used it, Miss Prim!"

"Indeed! By whom were they employed?"

"At the end of the first act you are killed," said the stage manager to the new utility man.

"By whom?" asked the histrion, anxiously.

He: You are the only girl I ever loved——

She: Oh, never mind that. The main question is, am I the only girl you ever will love?

On a certain spot in the Alps, the driver turned round in his seat and observed to the passengers:

"From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys. I must, therefore, ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot."

They had been discussing the pronunciation of "oleomargarine," and finally agreed to leave it to the waiter; but he hedged.

"Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it 'butter' or lose my post!"

"Well, you don't have to hustle quite as hard as you did a few weeks ago," said the loquacious citizen to the iceman.

"No," said the toiler; "but the work is harder. As the weather gits colder ice weighs a heap more to the pound.

"You are worth your weight in gold to me, darling!" he murmured.

"Then do go home early, George, dear," she replied, wearily.

"I've lost ten pounds since we became engaged, just sitting up late with you. We can't afford such extravagance."

Secretary, lunatic asylum: Mrs. Sharptongue was here to-day, and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her care.

Superintendent: Did you let him go?

Secretary: No. He said he would rather stay here.

Superintendent: Hum! The man must be sane.

"I object to this proceeding," said the foreman of the Coroner's jury, who had been summoned into a room devoid of furniture, to inquire into the death of a man blown up by a can of dynamite.

"state your objections."

"We have nothing to sit on."

Customer: See here! You said that horse you sold me was fast.

Dealer: No, I didn't.

Customer: You said your man drove the horse to Lawnville, twenty miles, and you went by train, and the horse got there before you did.

Dealer: Yes, but I didn't start till next day.

"Let us go to Mr. Simpson's wedding, my dear," said a newly-married wife to her husband.

"Oh, no. Let us stay at home. It will be a dreadful bore."

"But, my dear, you must remember, Mr. Simpson attended your wedding."

"So he did," grimly; "I had forgotten that," revengefully, "I shall be there."

A worthy Scotch couple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation:

"When we began life we worked hard, and lived upon porridge, and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, thatil we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boiled chuckie (chicken); but Jack, our son, worked backward; he began with the chuckie first."

His Hand Betrayed Him.—Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent English surgeon who flourished fifty years ago, possessed the detective instinct.

He was once called to perform an almost hopeless operation upon a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin.

The prominence of the man and the mystery surrounding the shooting rendered the case celebrated. Mr. Blight was unconscious at the time of the operation and no information could be obtained from him.

The moment Sir Astley examined the wound he turned to his assistant, and said, "A pistol has been fired at him with the left hand."

Then he explained the reasons for his conclusion. While he was still engaged in this explanation Mr. Blight's partner, a Mr. Patch, a man esteemed as reputable, entered the house and was shown into the room.

Something about his manner and his countenance attracted the attention of Sir Astley, and he whispered to his colleague, "If that gentleman were left-handed, I should suspect him of the crime." The next instant he turned to Patch, and said, "Will you kindly hand me that lint?" Patch did so, using his left hand.

Mr. Blight died. Patch was accused of the murder, and, upon being tried and condemned on circumstantial evidence, confessed his guilt. He was duly executed.

Their Infirmity no Bar.—As Japan comes more closely in touch with the rest of the world, many of its customs are being adopted.

In Japan the art of massage is widely practised, and almost exclusively by the blind. It is a very lucrative profession, and the most skilful operators gain large sums every year.

The reason for its being a profession particularly adopted to the blind is readily understandable.

Everyone knows that when one sense fails its absence is supplemented by the increased acuteness of others; so, with people deprived of sight, the sense of touch becomes highly cultivated.

The blind men and women of St. Petersburg and other Continental cities have not been slow to grasp this idea, and the number of them who are masseurs is constantly increasing.

The head of that profession in the Russian capital is himself totally blind, and he has a large class of pupils who are likewise deprived of sight.

Great but Poor.—Poverty seems to have been the lot of most of the world's great musicians. Beethoven was always poor.

He was the son of a rough, drunken musician, who drove him to music with blows. He afterwards followed his profession for the love of it, but it repaid him very badly.

Handel was the son of a coachmaker, and his mother had been a servant. Although he had a place in the choir of the church as a boy, he was dismissed when his voice changed, and became really destitute.

A poor woman gave him a home in the attic of her house, and in after and more prosperous years the musician was able to return the favor twice-fold, which he did heartily and cheerfully.

Rossini was also poor, and while in Venice he wrote in bed during the cold weather, in order that he might save the expense of a fire.

Beneficial.—A physician claims to have discovered that yawning has a very salutary effect in complaints of the throat and ears.

According to his view, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck.

He recommends, therefore, that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and stimulating the muscles of respiration.

He declares that this sort of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear troubles, and says that patients suffering from disorders of that kind have derived great benefit from it.

He makes his patients yawn either by suggestion, imitation, or by a series of full breaths with the lips partly closed. The yawning is, he recommends, to be repeated six or eight times.

When They Wake Up.—An ornithologist has been investigating the question of at what hour in the summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing.

He states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning, the blackcap beginning at half past two.

It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird.

He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list.

This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for the early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.

MORPHINE OPIUM HABIT CURED. NEVER fail. Write for particulars and testimonials.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, OHIO.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

SALESMEN WANTED—$100 to $125 per month and expenses. Staple line; position permanent, pleasant and durable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. Co., T 187, Chicago.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia,

Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 19, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

THE CROWN
PIANOS AND ORGANS

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, etc.

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
243-253 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after September 7, 1890.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express, For Buffalo, (Parlor Car) Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars, } daily 8.00 a m; Week-days, 12.30 p m; daily, 6.30 p m; 9.45 p m } 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411th, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511th, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611th, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 699th, 700th, 701st, 702nd, 703rd, 704th, 705th, 706th, 707th, 708th, 709th, 710th, 711th, 712th, 713th, 714th, 715th, 716th, 717th, 718th, 719th, 720th, 721st, 722nd, 723rd, 724th, 725th, 726th, 727th, 728th, 729th, 730th, 731st, 732nd, 733rd, 734th, 735th, 736th, 737th, 738th, 739th, 740th, 741st, 742nd, 743rd, 744th, 745th, 746th, 747th, 748th, 749th, 750th, 751st, 752nd, 753rd, 754th, 755th, 756th, 757th, 758th, 759th, 760th, 761st, 762nd, 763rd, 764th, 765th, 766th, 767th, 768th, 769th, 770th, 771st, 772nd, 773rd, 774th, 775th, 776th, 777th, 778th, 779th, 780th, 781st, 782nd, 783rd, 784th, 785th, 786th, 787th, 788th, 789th, 790th, 791st, 792nd, 793rd, 794th, 795th, 796th, 797th, 798th, 799th, 800th, 801st, 802nd, 803rd, 804th, 805th, 806th, 807th, 808th, 809th, 810th, 811th, 812th, 813th, 814th, 815th, 816th, 817th, 818th, 819th, 820th, 821st, 822nd, 823rd, 824th, 825th, 826th, 827th, 828th, 829th, 830th, 831st, 832nd, 833rd, 834th, 835th, 836th, 837th, 838th, 839th, 840th, 841st, 842nd, 843rd, 844th, 845th, 846th, 847th, 848th, 849th, 850th, 851st, 852nd, 853rd, 854th, 855th, 856th, 857th, 858th, 859th, 860th, 861st, 862nd, 863rd, 864th, 865th, 866th, 867th, 868th, 869th, 870th, 871st, 872nd, 873rd, 874th, 875th, 876th, 877th, 878th, 879th, 880th, 881st, 882nd, 883rd, 884th, 885th, 886th, 887th, 888th, 889th, 890th, 891st, 892nd, 893rd, 894th, 895th, 896th, 897th, 898th, 899th, 900th, 901st, 902nd, 903rd, 904th, 905th, 906th, 907th, 908th, 909th, 910th, 911th, 912th, 913th, 914th, 915th, 916th, 917th, 918th, 919th, 920th, 921st, 922nd, 923rd, 924th, 925th, 926th, 927th, 928th, 929th, 930th, 931st, 932nd, 933rd, 934th, 935th, 936th, 937th, 938th, 939th, 940th, 941st, 942nd, 943rd, 944th, 945th, 946th, 947th, 948th, 949th, 950th, 951st, 952nd, 953rd, 954th, 955th, 956th, 957th, 958th, 959th, 960th, 961st, 962nd, 963rd, 964th, 965th, 966th, 967th, 968th, 969th, 970th, 971st, 972nd, 973rd, 974th, 975th, 976th, 977th, 978th, 979th, 980th, 981st, 982nd, 983rd, 984th, 985th, 986th, 987th, 988th, 989th, 990th, 991st, 992nd, 993rd, 994th, 995th, 996th, 997th, 998th, 999th, 1000th, 1001st, 1002nd, 1003rd, 1004th, 1005th, 1006th, 1007th, 1008th, 1009th, 1010th, 1011th, 1012th, 1013th, 1014th, 1015th, 1016th, 1017th, 1018th, 1019th, 1020th, 1021st, 1022nd, 1023rd, 1024th, 1025th, 1026th, 1027th, 1028th, 1029th, 1030th, 1031st, 1032nd, 1033rd, 1034th, 1035th, 1036th, 1037th, 1038th, 1039th, 1040th, 1041st, 1042nd, 1043rd, 1044th, 1045th, 1046th, 1047th, 1048th, 1049th, 1050th, 1051st, 1052nd, 1053rd, 1054th, 1055th, 1056th, 1057th, 1058th, 1059th, 1060th, 1061st, 1062nd, 1063rd, 1064th, 1065th, 1066th, 1067th, 1068th, 1069th, 1070th, 1071st, 1072nd, 1073rd, 1074th, 1075th, 1076th, 1077th, 1078th, 1079th, 1080th, 1081st, 1082nd, 1083rd, 1084th, 1085th, 1086th, 1087th, 1088th, 1089th, 1090th, 1091st, 1092nd, 1093rd, 1094th, 1095th, 1096th, 1097th, 1098th, 1099th, 1100th, 1101st, 1102nd, 1103rd, 1104th, 1105th, 1106th, 1107th, 1108th, 1109th, 1110th, 1111th, 1112th, 1113th, 1114th, 1115th, 1116th, 1117th, 1118th, 1119th, 1120th, 1121st, 1122nd, 1123rd, 1124th, 1125th, 1126th, 1127th, 1128th, 1129th, 1130th, 1131st, 1132nd, 1133rd, 1134th, 1135th, 1136th, 1137th, 1138th, 1139th, 1140th, 1141st, 1142nd, 1143rd, 1144th, 1145th, 1146th, 1147th, 1148th, 1149th, 1150th, 1151st, 1152nd, 1153rd, 1154th, 1155th, 1156th, 1157th, 1158th, 1159th, 1160th, 1161st, 1162nd, 1163rd, 1164th, 1165th, 1166th, 1167th, 1168th, 1169th, 1170th, 1171st, 1172nd, 1173rd, 1174th, 1175th, 1176th, 1177th, 1178th, 1179th, 1180th, 1181st, 1182nd, 1183rd, 1184th, 1185th, 1186th, 1187th, 1188th, 1189th, 1190th, 1191st, 1192nd, 1193rd, 1194th, 1195th, 1196th, 1197th, 1198th, 1199th, 1200th, 1201st, 1202nd, 1203rd, 1204th, 1205th, 1206th, 1207th, 1208th, 1209th, 1210th, 1211th, 1212th, 1213th, 1214th, 1215th, 1216th, 1217th, 1218th, 1219th, 1220th, 1221st, 1222nd, 1223rd, 1224th, 1225th, 1226th, 1227th, 1228th, 1229th, 1230th, 1231st, 1232nd, 1233rd, 1234th, 1235th, 1236th, 1237th, 1238th, 1239th, 1240th, 1241st, 1242nd, 1243rd, 1244th, 1245th, 1246th, 1247th, 1248th, 1249th, 1250th, 1251st, 1252nd, 1253rd, 1254th, 1255th, 1256th, 1257th, 1258th, 1259th, 1260th, 1261st, 1262nd, 1263rd, 1264th, 1265th, 1266th, 1267th, 1268th, 1269th, 1270th, 1271st, 1272nd, 1273rd, 1274th, 1275th, 1276th, 1277th, 1278th, 1279th, 1280th, 1281st, 1282nd, 1283rd, 1284th, 1285th, 1286th, 1287th, 1288th, 1289th, 1290th, 1291st, 1292nd, 1293rd, 1294th, 1295th, 1296th, 1297th, 1298th, 1299th, 1300th, 1301st, 1302nd, 1303rd, 1304th, 1305th, 1306th, 1307th, 1308th, 1309th, 1310th, 1311th, 1312th, 1313th, 1314th, 1315th, 1316th, 1317th, 1318th, 1319th, 1320th, 1321st, 1322nd, 1323rd, 1324th, 1325th, 1326th, 1327th, 1328th, 1329th, 1330th, 1331st, 1332nd, 1333rd, 1334th, 1335th, 1336th, 1337th, 1338th, 1339th, 1340th, 1341st, 1342nd, 1343rd, 1344th, 1345th, 1346th, 1347th, 1348th, 1349th, 1350th, 1351st, 1352nd, 1353rd, 1354th, 1355th, 1356th, 1357th, 1358th, 1359th, 1360th, 1361st, 1362nd, 1363rd, 1364th, 1365th, 1366th, 1367th, 1368th, 1369th, 1370th, 1371st, 1372nd, 1373rd, 1374th, 1375th, 1376th, 1377th, 1378th, 1379th, 1380th, 1381st, 1382nd, 1383rd, 1384th, 1385th, 1386th, 1387th, 1388th, 1389th, 1390th, 1391st, 1392nd, 1393rd, 1394th, 1395th, 1396th, 1397th, 1398th, 1399th, 1400th, 1401st, 1402nd, 1403rd, 1404th, 1405th, 1406th, 1407th, 1408th, 1409th, 1410th, 1411th, 1412th, 1413th, 1414th, 1415th, 1416th, 1417th, 1418th, 1419th, 1420th, 1421st, 1422nd, 1423rd, 1424th, 1425th, 1426th, 1427th, 1428th, 1429th, 1430th, 1431st, 1432nd, 1433rd, 1434th, 1435th, 1436th, 1437th, 1438th, 1439th, 1440th, 1441st, 1442nd, 1443rd, 1444th, 1445th, 1446th, 1447th, 1448th, 1449th, 1450th, 1451st, 1452nd, 1453rd, 1454th, 1455th, 1456th, 1457th, 1458th, 1459th, 1460th, 1461st, 1462nd, 1463rd, 1464th, 1465th, 1466th, 1467th, 1468th, 1469th, 1470th, 1471st, 1472nd, 1473rd, 1474th, 1475th, 1476th, 1477th, 1478th, 1479th, 1480th, 1481st, 1482nd, 1483rd, 1484th, 1485th, 1486th, 1487th, 1488th, 1489th, 1490th, 1491st, 1492nd, 1493rd, 1494th, 1495th, 1496th, 1497th, 1498th, 1499th, 1500th, 1501st, 1502nd, 1503rd, 1504th, 1505th, 1506th, 1507th, 1508th, 1509th, 1510th, 1511th, 1512th, 1513th, 1514th, 1515th, 1516th, 1517th, 1518th, 1519th, 1520th, 1521st, 1522nd, 1523rd, 1524th, 1525th, 1526th, 1527th, 1528th, 1529th, 1530th, 1531st, 1532nd, 1533rd, 1534th, 1535th, 1536th, 1537th, 1538th, 1539th, 1540th, 1541st, 1542nd, 1543rd, 1544th, 1545th, 1546th, 1547th, 1548th, 1549th, 1550th, 1551st, 1552nd, 1553rd, 1554th, 1555th, 1556th, 1557th, 1558th, 1559th, 1560th, 1561st, 1562nd, 1563rd, 1564th, 1565th, 1566th, 1567th, 1568th, 1569th, 1570th, 1571st, 1572nd, 1573rd, 1574th, 1575th, 1576th, 1577th, 1578th, 1579th, 1580th, 1581st, 1582nd, 1583rd, 1584th, 1585th, 1586th, 1587th, 1588th, 1589th, 1590th, 1591st, 1592nd, 1593rd, 1594th, 1595th, 1596th, 1597th, 1598th, 1599th, 1600th, 1601st, 1602nd, 1603rd, 1604th, 1605th, 1606th, 1607th, 1608th, 1609th, 1610th, 1611th, 1612th, 1613th, 1614th, 1615th, 1616th, 1617th, 1618th, 1619th, 1620th, 1621st, 1622nd, 1623rd, 1624th, 1625th, 1626th, 1627th, 1628th, 1629th, 1630th, 1631st, 1632nd, 1633rd, 1634th, 1635th, 1636th, 1637th, 1638th, 1639th, 1640th, 1641st, 1642nd, 1643rd, 1644th, 1645th, 1646th, 1647th, 1648th, 1649th, 1650th, 1651st, 1652nd, 1653rd, 1654th, 1655th, 1656th, 1657th, 1658th, 1659th, 1660th, 1661st, 1662nd, 1663rd, 1664th, 1665th, 1666th, 1667th, 1668th, 1669th, 1670th, 1671st, 1672nd, 1673rd, 1674th, 1675th, 1676th, 1677th, 1678th, 1679th, 1680th, 1681st, 1682nd, 1683rd, 1684th, 1685th, 1686th, 1687th, 1688th, 1689th, 1690th, 1691st, 1692nd, 1693rd, 1694th, 1695th, 1696th, 1697th, 1698th, 1699th, 1700th, 1701st, 1702nd, 1703rd, 1704th, 1705th, 1706th, 1707th, 1708th, 1709th, 1710th, 1711th, 1712th, 1713th, 1714th, 1715th, 1716th, 1717th, 1718th, 1719th, 1720th, 1721st, 1722nd, 1723rd, 1724th, 1725th, 1726th, 1727th, 1728th, 1729th, 1730th, 1731st, 1732nd, 1733rd, 1734th, 1735th, 1736th, 1737th, 1738th, 1739th, 1740th, 1741st, 1742nd, 1743rd, 1744th, 1745th, 1746th, 1747th, 1748th, 1749th, 1750th, 1751st, 1752nd, 1753rd, 1754th, 1755th, 1756th, 1757th, 1758th, 1759th, 1760th, 1761st, 1762nd, 1763rd, 1764th, 1765th, 1766th, 1767th, 1768th, 1769th, 1770th, 1771st, 1772nd, 1773rd, 1774th, 1775th, 1776th, 1777th, 1778th, 1779th, 1780th, 1781st, 1782nd, 1783rd, 1784th, 1785th, 1786th, 1787th, 1788th, 1789th, 1790th, 1791st, 1792nd, 1793rd, 1794th, 1795th, 1796th, 1797th, 1798th, 1799th, 1800th, 1801st, 1802nd, 1803rd, 1804th, 1805th, 1806th, 1807th, 1808th, 1809th, 1810th, 1811th, 1812th, 1813th, 1814th, 1815th, 1816th, 1817th, 1818th, 1819th, 1820th, 1821st, 1822nd, 1823rd, 1824th, 1825th, 1826th, 1827th, 1828th, 1829th, 1830th, 1831st, 1832nd, 1833rd, 1834th, 1835th, 1836th, 1837th, 1838th, 1839th, 1840th, 1841st, 1842nd, 1843rd, 1844th, 1845th, 1846th, 1847th, 1848th, 1849th, 1850th, 1851st, 1852nd, 1853rd, 1854th, 1855th, 1856th, 1857th, 1858th, 1859th, 1860th, 1861st, 1862nd, 1863rd, 1864th, 1865th, 1866th, 1867th, 1868th, 1869th, 1870th, 1871st, 1872nd, 1873rd, 1874th, 1875th, 1876th, 1877th, 1878th, 1879th, 1880th, 1881st, 1882nd, 1883rd, 1884th, 1885th, 1886th, 1887th, 1888th, 1889th, 1890th, 1891st, 1892nd, 1893rd, 1894th, 1895th, 1896th, 1897th, 1898th, 1899th, 1900th, 1901st, 1902nd, 1903rd, 1904th, 1905th, 1906th, 1907th, 1908th, 1909th, 1910th, 1911th, 1912th, 1913th, 1914th, 1915th, 1916th, 1917th, 1918th, 1919th, 1920th, 1921st, 1922nd, 1923rd, 1924th, 1925th, 1926th, 1927th, 1928th, 1929th, 1930th, 1931st, 1932nd, 1933rd, 1934th, 1935th, 1936th, 1937th, 1938th, 1939th, 1940th, 1941st, 1942nd, 1943rd, 1944th, 1945th, 1946th, 1947th, 1948th, 1949th, 1950th, 1951st, 1952nd, 1953rd, 1954th, 1955th, 1956th, 1957th, 1958th, 1959th, 1960th, 1961st, 1962nd, 1963rd, 1964th, 1965th, 1966th, 1967th, 1968th, 1969th, 1970th, 1971st, 1972nd, 1973rd, 1974th, 1975th, 1976th, 1977th, 1978th, 1979th, 1980th, 1981st, 1982nd, 1983rd, 1984th, 1985th, 1986th, 1987th, 1988th, 1989th, 1990th, 1991st, 1992nd, 1993rd, 1994th, 1995th, 1996th, 1997th, 1998th, 1999th, 2000th, 2001st, 2002nd, 2003rd, 2004th, 2005th, 2006th, 2007th, 2008th, 2009th, 2010th, 2011th, 2012th, 2013th, 2014th, 2015th, 2016th, 2017th, 2018th, 2019th, 2020th, 2021st, 2022nd, 2023rd, 2024th, 2025th, 2026th, 2027th, 2028th, 2029th, 2030th, 2031st, 2032nd, 2033rd, 2034th, 2035th, 2036th, 2037th, 2038th, 2039th, 2040th, 2041st, 2042nd, 2043rd, 2044th, 2045th, 2046th, 2047th, 2048th, 2049th, 2050th, 2051st, 2052nd, 2053rd, 2054th, 2055th, 2056th, 2057th, 2058th, 2059th, 2060th, 2061st, 2062nd, 2063rd, 2064th, 2065th, 2066th, 2067th, 2068th, 2069th, 2070th, 2071st, 2072nd, 2073rd, 2074th, 2075th, 2076th, 2077th, 2078th, 2079th, 2080th, 2081st, 2082nd, 2083rd, 2084th, 2085th, 2086th, 2087th, 2088th, 2089th, 2090th, 2091st, 2092nd, 2093rd, 2094th, 2095th, 2096th, 2097th, 2098th, 2099th, 2100th, 2101st, 2102nd, 2103rd, 2104th, 2105th, 2106th, 2107th, 2108th, 2109th, 2110th, 2111th, 2112th, 2113th, 2114th, 2115th, 2116th, 2117th, 2118th, 2119th, 2120th, 2121st, 2122nd, 2123rd, 2124th, 2125th, 2126th, 2127th, 2128th, 2129th, 2130th, 2131st, 2132nd, 2133rd, 2134th, 2135th, 2136th, 2137th, 2138th, 2139th, 2140th, 2141st, 2142nd, 2143rd, 2144th, 2145th, 2146th, 2147th, 2148th, 2149th, 2150th, 2151st, 2152nd, 2153rd, 2154th, 2155th, 2156th, 2157th, 2158th, 2159th, 2160th, 2161st, 2162nd, 2163rd, 2164th, 2165th, 2166th, 2167th, 2168th, 2169th, 2170th, 2171st, 2172nd, 2173rd, 2174th, 2175th, 2176th, 2177th, 2178th, 2179th, 2180th, 2181st, 2182nd, 2183rd, 2184th, 2185th, 2186th, 2187th, 2188th, 2189th, 2190th, 2191st, 2192nd, 2193rd, 2194th, 2195th, 2196th, 2197th, 2198th, 2199th, 2200th, 2201st, 2202nd, 2203rd, 2204th, 2205th, 2206th, 2207th, 2208th, 2209th, 2210th, 2211th, 2212th, 2213th, 2214th, 2215th, 2216th, 2217th, 2218th, 2219th, 2220th, 2221st, 2222nd, 2223rd, 2224th, 2225th, 2226th, 2227th, 2228th, 2229th, 2230th, 2231st, 2232nd, 2233rd, 2234th, 2235th, 2236th, 2237th, 2238th, 2239th, 2240th, 2241st, 2242nd, 2243rd, 2244th, 2245th, 2246th, 2247th, 2248th, 2249th, 2250th, 2251st, 2252nd, 2253rd, 2254th, 2255th, 2256th, 2257th, 2258th, 2259th, 2260th, 2261st, 2262nd, 2263rd, 2264th, 2265th, 2266th, 2267th, 2268th, 2269th,